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A Plea for Plain History.

THE reader will soon discover that I advance but few pretensions to that which has been called the philosophy of history, and which I have had the temerity to call the philosophy of romance. It is the privilege of the novelist to be always acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and character he delineates : but the writer of history can know no more than his authorities have disclosed or the facts themselves necessarily suggest. If he indulge his imagination, if he pretend to detect the hidden springs of every action, the real origin of every event, he may embellish his narrative but he will impose upon his readers and probably upon himself. Much research and experience may perhaps have entitled me to form an opinion : and I have little hesitation in saying that few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. They may display great acuteness of investigation and a profound knowledge of the human heart, but little reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements. In their eagerness to establish some favourite theory they are apt to overlook every troublesome or adverse authority, to distort facts in order to form a foundation for their system, and to borrow from their own fancy whatever may be wanting for its support and embellishment.¹

IN view on the one hand of the above weighty and well considered words, and on the other hand of the performances at the present day of the historical muse, we cannot avoid asking ourselves the question whether the writing of history be not likely to become as much a lost art as architecture or even as logic itself. For who among contemporary historians—who at least that aims at being “popular,” and attaining that circulation which is its own reward—but does and must do the very thing which a grave and capable authority thus strongly deprecates?

For mere facts our public has ceased to care, nor does it employ historians to provide it with such dry and Spartan fare. Their business is to cook the facts : to chop them up, to season them scientifically; to serve them up highly spiced to tickle the public palate. Above all, they have to save the public mind from the disagreeable process of thought. That same mixture

¹ Dr. Lingard, Preface to *History of England*.

of shallow culture, ambitious to know everything, and of mental indolence, unwilling to work at anything, by virtue of which we allow reviewers to persuade us that we admire poetry which no mortal man can understand, brings it likewise about that men should have very strong and very combative opinions respecting all historical problems, from the origin of the Athanasian Creed to the guilt of Mary, Queen of Scots, while with the bare outline of the facts involved they have not even a decent acquaintance.

But it is not with the recipient public that we are now concerned; not with those who cry for food, but with those who put it into their mouths: not with the consumer but with the producer. And in speaking of this producing class the fact we assert seems not to need proof. Historians now-a-days are expected to be "philosophical," and "philosophical" they are. They do not even think of presenting us with facts as facts and inferences as inferences, or of confining themselves to what they find recorded. To read character, to detect and lay bare its inmost recesses and hidden springs, to penetrate from the fact on the surface to the motive beneath, to tell us not only the "what" but the "why," and the why not objective only but subjective as well—this is their task, and it is only on the strength of supposed fitness for this task that they occupy the position which they have.

They are taken, in other words, as historical experts, who from much familiarity with the subject have acquired eyes to see what others cannot see, and a right in consequence to interpret for their less practised brethren that which the said brethren have not the means of understanding for themselves.

Now it is doubtless true that within certain limits this claim is reasonable. It is true that, as an African explorer or an excavator of Catacombs, so also a seeker among records and archives has a right to a hearing and must have a special authority when he speaks on matters within the limits of his researches. This is true; and it is true besides that he will acquire by his experience such a knowledge of the tract in which he works as to be able to take short cuts where others must go round-about, and to recognize his bearings by landmarks which for others have no meaning.

This we allow, but we can allow him no more, and our present task is to protest against the other functions, which they who call themselves historians affect to discharge, functions

which we hold with Dr. Lingard to be dangerous and absurd. As to argument on the subject, his admirable remarks might suffice; but we will observe two things in addition. First, that with all our telegraphs and all our correspondents we find it quite impossible to master the right and the wrong, the why and the wherefore, of history in progress at this moment with half the confidence and security with which historical sleight of hand affects to clothe its interpretation of the dim records of the middle ages; and second, that while historical clairvoyance reads glibly off for us the character and motives of the men of other centuries, no one of us can do the same for his most intimate living friend.

Our thesis, then, is this: the historian is a man of facts, and he who ceases to be a man of facts ceases, so far, to be an historian. He may use his acquired knowledge to arrange and to co-ordinate facts or to argue from them, but he must let us know how much is fact or record and how much inference. He may think that a chronicle betrays a leaning or that a recorded action suggests a motive, and he may tell us so. But, if he undertakes to assert simply as a piece of history that the writer wrote as he did because of that leaning, or that the subject of his history did what he did because of that motive, he is as much a charlatan as the magician who undertakes to find a spring by the divining rod, or the astrologer who casts a horoscope according to the stars.

This thesis we do not propose to argue *a priori*. We will take some specimens of recent "history" and in their presence ask the common sense of readers to say how far they deserve the name.

Mr. James Anthony Froude has been engaged these last few months in telling the British public and the world at large what they are to think of St. Thomas of Canterbury, or as he curtly styles him "Thomas Becket." Those who know anything of this author's method will not need to be told that his tale is entirely made up of those elements which we wish to see eliminated. Motives, objects, influences are run off the reel for us from the beginning of the complex narrative even to the end. Reasons are given to explain facts, and when that will not do, reasons are given to explain facts away, and the reasons in the one case as in the other are given quite as peremptorily and categorically as the facts.

We have heard of an Italian who being drawn to serve

in the army of his united country was saved from the disagreeable honour by the characteristic intervention of an interested official. It was this man's duty to test the conscript's eyes by handing him various kinds of spectacles and asking him as he put each on how things looked to him through them. As however he at the same time added how they ought to look if he wished to have his eyes judged worthless for military purposes, it was not hard to arrive at a prosperous conclusion. Some such part does Mr. Froude undertake for our benefit. We must never see the text without his gloss: never be suffered to look at a fact till we have heard from him what we are to find there. He never for an instant hints it as conceivable that what he finds there may not be there at all. Nay, he seems explicitly to accept or to claim that very character of a reader of hidden things against which we are arguing. "Motives," he tells us,² "which in one age are languid and even unintelligible have been in another alive and all powerful. To comprehend these differences, to take them up into his *imagination*, to keep them present before him *as the key to what he reads* is the chief difficulty and the chief duty of the student of history."³

Now for a few samples of the manner in which this difficulty has been met and this duty accomplished.⁴ We take them almost at random.

St. Thomas, as is well known, when he became Archbishop insisted, to the King's displeasure, on resigning his chancellorship. This is the fact. Now for the philosophy.

"As Chancellor he had been at the head of the State under the King. As Archbishop in the name of the Church *he intended* to be head both of State and King; to place the Pope and himself as the Pope's Legate in the place of God's vicegerents. When he found it written that 'by me Kings reign and princes decree judgment' *he appropriated the language*

² *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1877, p. 549. The italics here and throughout these citations are ours.

³ More than this, he seems elsewhere naively to admit the force of the very impeachment which we are attempting to urge. He writes in the same series of papers (October, p. 393): "In that distant century, when the general history is but outline, and the colours are dim and the lights and shadows fall, *where modern imagination chooses to cast them.*" But this is a stray seed of truth falling by the wayside and not bearing any fruit.

⁴ It is no part of our present object to point out misrepresentations of fact, and in dealing with Mr. Froude the task would be endless. We are engaged with the system only on which such history is constructed, and with that which serves to illustrate the system.

to himself, and his single aim was to convert the words *thus construed* into reality. The first public intimation which he gave of his intentions was the resignation of the chancellorship,"⁵ and to make assurance doubly sure this account of the matter is backed up by another idea equally philosophical, but as to the proof which is vouchsafed utterly childish, that he wished to avoid an audit of his accounts, in which Mr. Froude pronounces that "he was wise."⁶

Again, when ruptures began between King and Primate, and when the Pope urged the latter to keep within the laws of the realm, the fact is thus set forth :

"Alexander had no liking for Becket. He had known him long and had no faith in the lately assumed airs of sanctity. . . . On the spot he despatched a Legate," &c.⁷

Presumably, Alexander confided these motives to Mr. Froude, for he seems never to have intrusted them to any one else.

Again, the same Pontiff who, as seems to common eyes, did his best to find a middle course which, without sacrifice of principle, should not exasperate the King, is thus depicted for his pains by the keener glance of the philosopher :

"Harassed on both sides, *knowing perfectly well* on which side good sense and justice lay, yet *not daring* to declare Becket wrong and accept what after all that had passed *would be construed* into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate Alexander drifted on."⁸

The side of good sense and justice being, it is needless to observe, the side of the historian, and the only ground for asserting that the Pope saw it to be so being that the same authority judges that he ought to have so seen it.

Not to multiply examples we take another from the finale of the history.

We all know the fact of the tremendous revulsion of feeling caused by the Archbishop's murder, the triumph of his cause and the penitence of the King. We also know that contemporary writers assert in terms the most explicit that miracles were wrought by his relics or over his tomb, of which they, the writers, were eye-witnesses. Now let us treat these facts philosophically.

"Martyr for the Church of Christ or turbulent incendiary justly punished? . . . That was the alternative that lay before

⁵ *Nineteenth Century*, July, p. 843.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 844.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 847.

⁸ *Nineteenth Century*, September, p. 223.

the Christian world . . . Benedict of Canterbury . . . relates the influences *by which alone the popular verdict was decided in the Archbishop's favour.*" Mr. Froude goes on to tell us that, "Miracles come when they are needed." But he considerably adds that, "They come not of fraud but of an impassioned credulity which creates what it is determined to find."

And having thus made clear the principle, he is ready to descend into the region of "facts."

"In the eyes of Europe the cause for which Becket fell was the cause of sacerdotalism as against the prosaic virtues of justice and common sense. *Every superstitious mind in Christendom was at work immediately generating supernatural evidence. . . . Either the laws of nature were suspended, or for the four years which followed his death the power and the wish were gone to distinguish truth from falsehood.*"⁹ The most ordinary events *were transfigured.* That version of any story *was held to be the truest* which gave most honour to the martyr. . . . The monks sought their pallets *with one thought in the minds of all of them.* Was the Archbishop a saint, or was he a vain dreamer? God only could decide."

And the way being thus scientifically made straight, the vision which one of these monks relates himself to have seen can be safely introduced.

And the writer who can put this down as history is described as our most illustrious living historian.

But it is not with particular examples that we are mainly concerned. We are attacking the system which underlies such histories, be they right or wrong in their particular conclusions. Our protest is against the pretension of a writer to do what cannot possibly be done: to lay down in this manner motives and causes which neither are recorded nor which "the facts themselves necessarily suggest."

Now in the matter of St. Thomas we have seen what, on Mr. Froude's showing, were the unmistakeable merits of the case. His was "the cause of sacerdotalism" as against "the prosaic virtues of justice and common sense." And it was this plainly and broadly "in the eyes of Europe," so that no one we presume who knows anything of the facts could hesitate thus to esteem it. More than this, Becket was seeking to usurp a

⁹ In which latter case it certainly is clear that the task must needs devolve upon some other century, such as ours, of making a history for the twelfth which it was obviously quite incapable of supplying for itself.

power not justly his. It was an "encroachment."¹⁰ If he were right, "then kings and cabinets ought to be superseded at once by commissions of bishops."¹¹ He sought to secure "not the purity of the Church, but the privilege and supremacy of the Church:"¹² the King "always moderate"¹³ (Henry the Second) was moved to action only by the clear evidence which the Archbishop forced upon him, that *justice* was to be withheld in the case of clerics, and that "they might commit murder upon murder, robbery upon robbery, and the law would be unable to touch them."

In fact it is abundantly made evident that the case of the Monarch against the Prelate was that of justice against injustice.

But while this is so, it is a little puzzling to a reader accustomed to take his explanations as well as his facts on trust, to find that the same facts have suggested another quite opposite, albeit presumably quite as philosophical, a judgment. What is a plain man to think if, after what we have just given, he stumble across the following?

"Times were changed in England since the Second Henry walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury. . . . The clergy had won the battle *then* because *they deserved to win it*. They were not free from fault and weakness, but *they felt the meaning of their profession*. Their hearts were in their vows, their authority was exercised *more justly*, more nobly than the authority of the crown; and therefore *with inevitable justice* the crown was compelled to stoop before them."

And assuredly the bewilderment does not grow less on finding that this latter account, no less than the former, comes from the pen of Mr. James Anthony Froude. The one he gave to the world in the year 1856 in his *History of England*,¹⁴ the other this year in the pages of a Review. History has been changed between these dates because Mr. Froude has changed his spectacles. One thing seems clear. If now he is teaching us history—then twenty years ago he was perverting its most obvious lessons. If in 1856 he was speaking with any authority, then is he a slanderer in 1877. And surely the historical method which leads to such awkward dilemmas can hardly commend itself to sober common sense.

But Mr. Froude is after all for us but an example to illustrate an evil which influences writers far more worthy of

¹⁰ *Nineteenth Century*, June, p. 548.

¹¹ *Ibid.* July, p. 847.

¹² *Ibid.* p. 843.

¹³ *Ibid.* p. 846.

¹⁴ Vol. I. p. 81.

our consideration than is that unscrupulous partisan. We must enter our protest in the remainder of this paper against what of the same evil system we find in the work of an historian who has obtained—and to a great extent most deservedly obtained—an exceptionally wide hold on the public mind—Mr. John Richard Green.

In some respects indeed Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* is a yet more striking instance of the bad system we deprecate than is even anything of Mr. Froude's. The latter does at least give us references and notes, and the notes occasionally flatly contradict for us the text to which they are appended. The former, after a very general indication of "authorities," presents to us all the substance of his volume purely on his own *ipse dixit*.

And some few circumstances cannot but suggest to our minds a doubt as to whether that authority be always truly philosophical. First, as to the selection of authorities. In his seventh chapter on the Reformation we read as follows :

"The main authority . . . is Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. In spite of *endless errors* of Puritan prejudices and *deliberate suppressions of the truth* . . . its mass of *facts and wonderful charm of style* will always give a *great importance* to the work of Foxe."

In the name of sober history what is this? What is the meaning of *facts* in conjunction with the name of a witness who is acknowledged to be not only deceived but deceiving? What does it matter as to his historical credibility whether he lie picturesquely or ungracefully? What sort of a view of his duties can that historian have who can thus naively introduce a "main authority?"

But we pass from authorities to the use of the same, and with one instance thereof we shall be content. We take the instance of Sir Thomas More.

In Mr. Green's treatment of More's history there seems to be portrayed in brief all the evil which follows from the adoption of the philosophical method of historiography.

The philosophical historian must trace events to their causes, and the actions of men to their motives. He must, therefore, to a great extent forget the individuality of men to manœuvre them like puppets in platoons. He considers them as spokes of a wheel—members of a party following its evolutions—and their individual history as being explicable primarily through it.

In More's case the party in question is that of the "New Learning."

Given the fact that More and Fisher were friends of Colet and Erasmus, and that Erasmus was a stepping-stone to the Reformation, it becomes abundantly clear that the Chancellor and the Bishop must have been some time or other near the Reformation too. The drama for the purposes of the picturesquely philosophical historian must be constructed on broad lines easily followed by the eye of the audience, just as a scene painter must deal in bold strokes. That More while delighting in the new fields of human learning which the "Renaissance" (as Mr. Green calls it) opened for him, still believed as firmly as his forefathers in those sacred truths for the divinity of which he wrote and died—is an explanation of facts too petty, not sufficiently scientific, for the needs of the modern mind. Instead of this, we are invited to believe that men of the "New Learning" throughout Europe formed a quasi-homogeneous whole, or at least that their minds manœuvred together with the regularity of a flock of plover. Their principles were common, though local circumstances might give various developments to those principles. In Italy the New Learning was more "literary," more "largely human;" in England "more moral, more religious, more practical in its bearings both upon society and politics."¹⁵ Accordingly all these men of the New Learning, from More to Erasmus, were at one in their general aims, moral, religious, and practical, which aims the said New Learning evinced by steadily backing¹⁶ the cause of the Reformation. What then turned the particular man of this body with whom is our present concern, against—and so very decidedly against—the cause which he was so prepared to befriend? Not any weak and antiquated ideas of the truth of one Creed as opposed to another, but the extremely un-new-learned character of Luther's reply to Henry the Eighth.

"To More especially, with his keener perception of its future effect, this sudden revival of a *purely theological and dogmatic spirit*, severing Christendom into warring camps, and annihilating all hopes of union and tolerance, was especially hateful. The temper which hitherto had seemed 'endearing, gentle, and happy,' suddenly gave way."¹⁷ So great in fact was the shock that he forgot the New Learning himself. "His answer to Luther's attack upon the King sank to the level of the work it

¹⁵ *Short History of the English People*, p. 298. ¹⁶ P. 315. ¹⁷ P. 319.

answered." ¹⁸ Nay, so extraordinary was the revulsion of his feelings at seeing dogma thus survive, that under its influence he went and laid his head on the block for the sake of dogma.

Now we are not so much concerned in arguing that such an account is puerile and ridiculous, as in pointing out that such stuff is the necessary product of the "philosophical" writing of history.

Where explanations have to be given of everything they must be found, and as they are not generally found ready to hand they have to be made. The manufacture is an interesting process, and in these days may almost claim rank as a fine art. We are far from saying that there is always or even generally deliberate unfairness on the part of the manufacturer: but we remember Dr. Lingard's phrase about the writer who "will impose upon his readers and probably upon himself." We find a good instance of our meaning in the materials to support his view of his character which Mr. Green brings from More's *Utopia*.

This "wonderful book," Mr. Green tells us, ¹⁹ "reveals to us the heart of the New Learning." In the kingdom of "Nowhere" (as he rather affectedly translates the title) ²⁰ the "humorist philosopher" found realized by "the mere efforts of natural human virtue these ends of security, brotherhood, and freedom for which the very institution of society seemed to have been framed," in contrast to "a world where fifteen hundred years of Christian teaching had produced social injustice, religious intolerance, and political tyranny." ²¹

"From Christendom More turned with a smile to 'Nowhere.' In 'Nowhere' the aim of legislation is to secure the welfare, social, industrial, intellectual, religious of the community at large." And amongst these topics, "his treatment of the religious question" was in a special manner in advance of his age. "The religion of 'Nowhere' was in marked contrast with the faith of Christendom. It rested simply on nature and reason . . . Christianity indeed had already reached Utopia, but it had few priests; religion found its centre rather in the family than in the congregation. . . . More than a century before

¹⁸ *Short History of the English People*, p. 316.

¹⁹ P. 310.

²⁰ Utopia, according to More, is named after King "Utopus that conquered it." We should think that the King's name rather than that of the island is rightly translated by Mr. Green.

²¹ P. 311.

William of Orange, More discerned and proclaimed the great principle of religious toleration."²²

For our own part we must confess to a very uncomfortable qualm within our soul as to the reliance to be placed on the exposition of authorities and documents unknown to us when we find this treatment of one that we know. To put it broadly, we conceive it to be impossible more utterly to travesty More's scope and teaching in this celebrated work.

For if this account is worth anything at all it means that Sir Thomas More meant the *Utopia* to be, as is here represented, a picture of a state of things which he considered to be ideal, or at least to be far better than the state of things in Christendom. But reading the work itself, can we think that he so meant it?

For in the first place, he himself tells us exactly the opposite. After hearing the narrative of Raphael the traveller, who describes the unknown island and its inhabitants, the author adds:²³ "many things occurred to me both concerning the manners and laws of that people that seemed *very absurd*, as well in their way of making war as in their notions of religion and divine matters." And, indeed, for an ordinary unphilosophical reader this piece of information could hardly be needed, seeing that the chief point in Utopian warfare was to bribe subjects to assassinate their leader, and leaders to betray their trust, while in religion they are remarkably free, "some of them worshipping the sun, others the moon or one of the planets," and some "such men as have been eminent in former times for virtue or glory, not only as ordinary deities, but as the Supreme God."

In fact, the attempt to fasten on More as serious proposals what he thus playfully imagines would land his character in some very questionable embarrassments. For to say nothing of the very extraordinary preliminaries of Utopian marriage, and the absolute communism which is the chief point of their "Commonwealth," what should we think of the man who chose the profession of the law, and submitted to be made High Chancellor after making his ideal people "have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters and to wrest the laws."

But the capital error of Mr. Green's account is his mention of Christianity. According to that account More cannot have

²² Pp. 311-313.

²³ We quote throughout from Bishop Burnet's translation.

been a Christian at all, but preferred the religion of "nature and reason." Rather an unsatisfactory account of a man who died rather than give up the Pope.

In fact, the supposition that any contrast (any religious contrast at all events) was intended between Christendom and Utopia simply destroys all the moral which the work was meant to point. The people he undertook to depict was a people in the mere light of reason as opposed to one that possessed revelation. Forget that point and the sense of the work disappears. But neither in the character of Raphael the traveller nor in his own does More for a moment allow us to think that he ever doubted this reason without revelation to be comparative darkness. He makes Raphael say, "after they had heard from me an account of Christianity it is not to be imagined how inclined they were to receive it. I shall not determine whether this proceeded from any secret inspiration of God or whether it was because it seemed so favourable to the community of goods which is an opinion so dear to them. . . . Many of them were initiated by baptism. But . . . none of us that survived were in priest's orders, we therefore could only baptize them, so that to our great regret they could not partake of the other sacraments that can only be administered by priests. But they are instructed concerning them and long most vehemently for them." Unmistakeable enough this might fairly seem. But having thus spoken through the mouth of Raphael, and in the terms already quoted from his own concluding remarks concerning the absurdity of Utopian views of religion and things divine, More thus in this prefatory letter to Peter Giles, precludes all possible error as to his sentiments. He therein expresses anxiety to know something more about the latitude and longitude of the island. He cannot at present let his readers know in what sea it lies. "There are some among us," he says, "that have a mighty desire to go thither, and in particular one pious divine is very earnest upon it, not so much out of a vain curiosity . . . as that he may advance our religion which is so happily begun to be planted there; and that he may do this regularly he intends to procure a mission from the Pope, and to be sent thither as their bishop. . . . He desires it only as the means of advancing the Christian religion, and not for any honour or advantage that may accrue to himself."

Now, finding as we do that the book thus strangely misunderstood is named at the head of the chapter on the "New

Learning" amongst the authorities for the history about to be given, nay, more, as the "typical book of the Revival," have we not a right to plead that even in the hands of a scholar such as Mr. Green the philosophical system of history is a bad and a dangerous one. We must refrain from seeking further examples to back our plea—but surely what we have given is enough. Not only in the case of deliberate unfairness, but by the very nature of things, and by the weaknesses of our nature, the task which our historian undertakes will never be fulfilled.

We believe—as we said at the outset—that the demand for histories of the kind we have described is a bad sign for public taste. Such food is the food of children not of men. That student of history does not profit by his learning who is content to take an author's conclusions without knowing that author's grounds. There should be chapter and verse for every assertion, and full data for every inference. So long as people flatter themselves that they are studying history when they are not supplied with this, so long as they are content indolently to swallow the dicta of a master with closed eyes, so long will history be a delusion and a snare.

J. G.

Now, whatever over-statement there may often be in denying to the ancients a wide appreciation of nature's beauties, it cannot be gainsaid that, no matter what they felt about these subjects, they spoke, wrote, and painted much less about them than do the moderns. Within recent ages the poet, the landscape-painter, the novelist, the traveller, and the photographer have all worked together to bring about a great change in men's minds. Every one now-a-days can be taught, as far as he is teachable, to use his eyes. Things are suggested to him from all quarters, such as he would never have dreamed of, if left alone to his own unaided powers of observation. Observation begets art, and then art assists observation. Thanks to the efforts of so many and such varied interpreters, Nature has multiplied ten-thousandfold her votaries. To-day every one must profess some sympathy with Nature, unless he is willing to be set down as woefully wanting in the finer sensibilities. And whoever aspires to artistic reputation, he must be specially

orderly and the symmetrical, and its aversion to the unlimited and the terrible. There is an infinitude about mountain scenery as about Gothic architecture. The broken precipice and abysmal gulf—the ridges line beyond line pointing to and stretching after illimitable distances—the rocks in their fall indicating unmeasured force—the chaos of cliff and peak in their wild harmony suggestive of a veiled design—the valley convulsed in a moment, and the sabbath of the mountain-top: these things, nay, the very odours from the forest depths, and the sighing of innumerable pines, include in them an element of the infinite. In such scenery the Greek imagination, possessing no key to its harmonies, saw nothing to delight it, but much to disquiet, to discompose it. It is less easy to account for the fact that in Greek poetry we find but few allusions to the landscape of the plain. The Greeks were a loquacious race, and what they enjoyed they ever celebrated. The truth is, there are not only countless species of beauty in nature's ample domain, but many different modes of enjoying the same beauty. The Greeks, however, appear to have regarded nature at once too sensuously and too imaginatively for the appreciation of landscape. For the mere bodily eye landscape can hardly be said to exist: the separate objects that compose it appeal at once and immediately to the sense; but to combine these objects into a harmonious whole, to follow in thought the stream that flows past the homestead and tower, and town, to diffuse one's spirit over a wide tract, to play with the reeds in the foreground, reposing in relaxed enjoyment on the gradations of distance, and wistfully bending over the purple of the horizon—in other words, to enjoy the landscape as a landscape, is the endowment not of the sense, but of a moral sentiment sustained by associations and affections. A much larger range and variety of feeling enter into modern life, and therefore into modern art. The Greek enjoyed nature not less, but in an opposite manner. The very vividness with which each natural object, taken separately, thrilled through his delicate organization, enkindling a childlike admiration and delight, must have proved an obstacle to that calm activity which combines object with object. His imagination also, as well as his sensibilities, acted after a fashion more impulsive and less reflective. It tarried with the object close by: but looking at it as a marvel that needed interpretation, it crowned it with a legend." The theory given in *Guesses at Truth* coincides with these latter remarks: it holds that the ancients had a keen appreciation of nature as viewed directly, not as viewed reflexively and abstractedly.

loud in his praises of nature. He must hold intercourse with her and strive to win from her the disclosure of her secrets.

For example, we see this yearning after communion with nature in many passages of Wordsworth's *Prelude*. He strives not only to feed his thoughts and emotions on natural objects, but he transfers to natural objects his own thoughts and emotions.

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
I gave a moral life ; I saw them feel,
Or linked to them some feeling : the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul
That I beheld respire with inward meaning.

Out of the real world he idealized to himself a new world :

I had a world about me--'twas my own :
I made it, for it only lived to me.

Similarly a poetical prose-writer tells us how "love rebuilds the world for youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird now on the boughs of the tree sings to his heart and soul. The notes are almost articulate. The clouds have faces and he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass, the peeping flowers, have grown intelligent." From the Continent we hear similar strains. Victor Hugo sings enthusiastically,

Ouis, je suis le rêveur ; je suis le camarade
Des petites fleurs d'or du mur qui se dégrade,
Et l'interlocution des arbres et du vent,
Tout cela me connaît ; voyez-vous ? J'ai souvent
En mai, quand de parfums les branches sont gonflées,
Des conversations avec les gironflées.
Je recois des conseils du lierre et du bluet.

It is hardly needful to add that Germany is not behindhand in passionate exclamations about *Süsse Heilige Natur*, and *Die Allgemeine Mutter*.

Now poets may be as wildly enthusiastic as they like about nature, and no harm—no moral harm—will come of it, so long as they keep nature in her proper place. Let no man say that it is wrong, in every sense of the word, to love nature and to love her deeply. There have been saints of God whose lives have proved the contrary. Let no man strive to tie down the poet to prosy, scientific accuracy in his every utterance about nature. Nay, there is a kind of truth that mere prose cannot reach : it can be expressed only in the language of

poetry. As Lockhart says in his *Life of Scott*, "many of the feelings common to our nature can only be expressed adequately, and some of the finest can only be expressed at all, in the language of art, and more especially in that of poetry."² "It is not then absolutely all bold flights of imagination beyond the most matter-of-fact literalism, that will meet condemnation in these pages. Fault will not be found with a man simply and solely because he speaks of the warm heart of nature, of the tender glances of the stars, of the compassionate sighing of the winds, or of the angry frown of the rocks. Of course nature has no heart, and the stars have no sight, and the winds no sympathies, and the rocks no anger, in the literal sense of these several terms. But who says they have? Precisely so, who says they have, and how far does he say they have? Here is the whole question.

When passages from a book are brought to us, and we are asked whether they contain sound doctrine, we have often to say, Well, tell me who is the author? The same words in the mouth of one man may be quite correct, and in the mouth of another quite erroneous. And this is especially true of imaginative writings. Here, in order to judge of a writer's orthodoxy, we must search into these points—does he acknowledge that he is speaking only as a poet, and that his words are to be taken only as half truths, as idealizations of the real? Or does he insist on the literal acceptance due to plain prose, like an architect who should insist on his ideal foliage being used to teach botany? In the former case let him pour out his vows to the Universal Mother, Nature, and no one will be so impertinent as to exclaim, Universal Grandmother! But in the second of the forementioned alternatives, he is in error; and his errors may range anywhere between the limits of sheer naturalism and pantheism. Sometimes the poison is plain to see, and whoever drinks it may know the draught he is taking. But often the proffered cup contains ingredients that are doubtful, and therefore dangerous to the unwary. It is well, then, for every Christian to make up his mind clearly on the relation of the lower world to himself, and to abide by this

² "There is a certain freedom of utterance allowed to the poet which is denied to the prose writer. For this very reason he is not expected to follow out to the last logical consequence every opinion he expresses. What if one use of the poet be to give some notes and fragments of truths which he himself, as little as any other, can yet harmonize into a complete system?" (Thorndale.)

standard in his estimate of what the writers of the day offer for his acceptance on the broad subject of Nature.

Before going on to lay down the teaching of the Catholic Church on the relationship between man and nature, it will be convenient, by way of specimen, to pass in review just one theory for which the Church is not responsible. A writer in the *Athenæum* has treated us several times lately to an exposition of his ideas about a genuine nature-worshipper. On what religious creed his principles are based, I do not in the least pretend to say. He is sufficiently vague, fanciful, and mystic to escape being too closely tied down to any definite propositions. It is his practice to put such expressions as "lower creation," "dumb animals," "inanimate nature," within inverted commas. At other times these and similar terms have *so called* prefixed to them by way of protest. But to leave details and come to the gist of his theory. The thorough nature-worshipper is depicted to us as a man who is what he is by inborn temperament, not by education; for no education could give rise to such susceptibilities. He is ruined if he attempts to be conventional, or to cultivate nature, not for her sake, but for his own sake, and in order to write poetry which may win him the admiration of others. He has, like all men, like all sentient things, a yearning for contact; but, unlike most people, his yearning is for contact, not so much with his fellow men as with the lower creation. Between himself and human kind he discovers barriers of separation, in part definable, in part indefinable. Men are self-conscious beings; they are necessarily egoistic; they are therefore in some sort mutually repellent, and defy close union with each other. But in the brute beasts and in "what is called inanimate nature" he finds no such egoism or wall of division. "The great charm of intimate relation with the lower animals is their freedom from self-consciousness."³ With these, therefore, man can enter into closest contact, closer than he can attain "with the mother that bore him;" these he can wholly love and feel himself in turn loved by them. Hence he can live happily in some lone land where not ten human faces, with

³ The reviewer says: "Nature has been disappointed in man: her great desire from the first has been to grow an organism so conscious that it can turn round and look at her with intelligent eyes. She has done so at last [by evolution, I suppose], but the consciousness is so high as to be self-conscious, and cannot, for egotism, look at her after all." If this is merely a bit of poetry, and means nothing particular, it may be allowed to pass; if it is to be taken literally, it deserves an anathema.

their human glances and human voices, will come to greet him in the course of a year.

As some sort of an example of a life of this kind, we have the famous Thoreau, who for two years retired into the Wood of Walden, there to commune with wild nature, apart from the intrusion of men.

To complete the above sketch, I must add the Reviewer's description of the sensuous reverie in which the nature-worshipper loves to indulge, after basking for a time in a sunny, pleasant spot. "All at once he feels as if the land were being waved before him and around him : the wheels of thought stop : all the senses melt into one, and he floats on a blissful sea, whose waves are neither waves of colour, nor perfume, nor melody, but new waters that seem born of the mixing of these ; and through a language deeper than words and deeper than thoughts, he seems at last borne close to an actual consciousness, harkening for the untold secret" of nature.⁴

Just one other item from the Reviewer. He quotes a pamphlet lately issued by Mr. Swinburne who, speaking of Emily Brontë, says—"her love of earth for earth's sake, her tender loyalty and passionate reverence for the All-Mother, bring to mind the words of her sister's friend :

I praise thee Mother Earth, O earth my Mother !
O earth sweet Mother, Gentle Mother Earth ;
Whence thou receivest what thou givest, I
Ask not, as a child asks not his Mother.
O earth my Mother !

No other poet's imagination could have conceived that agony of the girl, *who dreams she is in heaven and weeps so bitterly for the loss of earth*, that the angels cast her out in anger, and she finds herself fallen on the moss and heather of the wild moor, and wakes herself with sobbing for joy." These sentiments it will

⁴ This passage smacks of the sensuousness of the *Eudymion* of Keats ; and it suggests the following remarks. Certainly it is bad that the intellect should be educated at the expense of the affections ; but is it less bad that the affections should be developed without the curb of intellect ? A little reflexion will serve to show that there is some justification for the Catholic system of education which, even at the risk of spoiling a poet or two, is careful rather to underfeed than to overfeed the mind of youth with imaginative literature ; and which teaches its pupils to exercise a very rigorous command over their inclinations and sympathies. It may be said that the result is to turn out men characterized simply for having hard heads full of cold brains. Such a result may come about now and then ; but it need not be, and is not, the rule. Besides, cold brains are at any rate better stuffing for a headpiece than that hot substitute for brains which is responsible for the production of many modern rhapsody in the shape of a poem, novel, or what not.

be perceived are not out of Holy Scripture. How far do they accord with the following words of the Reviewer? "It is necessary fully to realize how infinitely rich is nature, how generous, and consequently *what a sacred duty* as well as wise resolve it is, that 'before he return unto the ground' man should drink deeply, while he may, of the fountain of life." I will not hastily accuse this writer of having no higher views of life than to refine the "eat, drink, and be merry" gospel into the gospel of "paint, poeticize, and revel in the beauties of this earth for to-morrow they will die to you." I will leave it an open question, if he likes, whether his views can by any ingenuity be trimmed into harmony with the idea that this world is a place of probation for another and a better—yes, and for a worse too, if so be that man fails to fit himself for a better. Indeed, I remember a passage, which sets forth, as explicitly as any I know, a doctrine that is implied by many writers—perhaps by the Reviewer in the *Athenæum*—who are less outspoken in the avowal of their principles. In *Thorndale* we have a gentleman discoursing as follows: "Were the minds of men really limited to their voyage to the skies, they would carry up with them a most miserable cargo. Industrial arts, and many pleasures and much thinking in this lower world, have helped to raise up this beneficent intelligent piety. Neglect these, and religion again is a degraded thing—gaunt, and haggard, and haunting the tombs with the monks of the Thebard, finding its fit home in the receptacle of the dead. . . . I boldly claim for the future generations of mankind that religion, which our best and purest have claimed for themselves when they shall be saints in heaven. In that state they confess that goodness and piety are their own ends—not preparation for any other state of existence. They will become so here. This life will cease to be regarded chiefly as a preparation for another, because identified with that other. If we are immortal, we are immortal here. . . . Who that has cultivated a high and reflective piety has not recognized that religion does not first of all consist in hope of a future life, but consists first of all in living well here—in a certain felt relationship with God—in that happy, grateful, devoted relationship which springs from the knowledge of God's world and of our own humanity?"

In this passage what is specially deprecated is that old monastic spirit of penance, which led men to seek voluntary mortifications, to regard this world as a land of exile, and to

value nothing on this earth except for its bearing on eternal interests. In opposition to this view, possibly the apostle of nature-worship would recommend us not to sacrifice all the beauties of the world already in our possession to the hope of what is to come, but rather to revel in this fair earth of ours, and "drink deeply while we may of the fountain of life." He may mean this, and he may mean something worse. But whatever his meaning, I cannot tarry to discuss it further. To bring the main matter of this paper more practically home, it will be best to select a few passages that contain samples of the spirit of nature-worship. Some mention was made above of Emily Brontë. Her sister Charlotte shall furnish the specimens which I will use to illustrate my subject. And for the purpose of proceeding with something like order, three characteristics may be distinguished in the nature-worshipper.

First he is a man so bent on the quest after intimacy with nature as to find her more sympathetic than his fellow-men.⁵ He tries to establish a real friendship with unintelligent creatures. He talks to the mountains, seas, and woods, and fancies in turn that they speak to him. In his distress they console him. Thus when Jane Eyre has left the house where she was a governess, and has taken the mail-coach as far as her slender means will allow, she finds herself set down at four cross-roads, in an unknown, lonely spot, penniless, friendless, and objectless in life. To nature she flies for comfort :

Not a tie holds me to human society at this moment—not a charm or hope calls me to where my fellow creatures are—none that saw me would have a kind thought or good wish for me. *I have no relative but the Universal Mother, Nature.* I will seek her breast and ask repose. I struck straight into the heath : I held on to a hollow I saw deeply furrowing a brown moorside. I waded knee-deep into its dark growth. I turned with its turnings, and finding a moss-blackened, granite crag in a hidden angle, I sat down under it. High banks of moss were about me : the crag protected my head ; the sky was over that.

Then there is Shirley's advice to the sickly, invalid boy, whose restless spirit was stirred by its own thoughts :

⁵ Professor Clifford's account of man's sympathy with nature is true to his own philosophy. "The voice of conscience is the voice of our Father Man who is within us. . . . And the sympathetic aspect of nature is explained to us in the same way. In as far as our conception of nature is akin to our mind which conceives it, man made it : and man makes us with the necessity to conceive it this way."

Harry, it is your mind, which is stronger and older than your frame, that troubles you. It lies in physical bondage. But it will work its own redemption yet. Study not only books but the world. *You love nature: love her without fear.*

The same lady objects to taking company with her in a forest-ramble, her first reason being this :

We forget nature in *primis*, and then nature forgets us, covers her vast calm brow with a dim veil, conceals her face, and withdraws her peaceful joy with which, if we had been content to worship her only, she would have filled our hearts.

And my drift is brought out under another light by the following dialogue between Shirley and Louis Moore, the latter beginning the conversation :

This September afternoon is pleasant.

Even for you ?

As pleasant for me as for any monarch.

You take a sort of harsh solitary triumph in drawing pleasure out of the elements and the inanimate and the lower animate creation.

Solitary but not harsh. With animals I feel I am Adam's son ; the heir of him to whom dominion was given over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. Your dog likes and follows me when I go into the yard ; the pigeons from your dove-cot flutter at my feet ; your mare in the stable knows me as well as it knows you and obeys me better.

And my roses smell sweet to you and my trees give you shade.

And no caprice can withdraw these pleasures from me : they are mine.

The idea of the steadfastness of nature's friendship, and of its freedom from the waywardness of human caprice, is a prominent thought in the mind of the nature-worshipper.

And what are we to think of the deep sympathy with natural objects ? Let me not be misunderstood. Nature has her legitimate charms, her legitimate powers of soothing the troubled mind. If any one is labouring under melancholy, vexation, or any uneasiness whatever, and the sight of pleasant scenery will give him rational relief—thither by all means let him recur.⁶ He is using God's gifts as God designed. But in

⁶ The influence of climate on character is very great, though not so necessary in its effects as those would try to make out, who consider virtue and vice as the product of outward circumstances. Still there is hardly anything in our surroundings that does not tend to leave its impress on our moral being. The reader may perhaps recall S. T. Coleridge's advice to a lawyer, that he should take up his residence opposite York Minster, in order that an object so large and grand might do something towards counteracting the narrowing influences of his profession.

these matters there is a tendency to perversion, at least in minds imbued with certain wrong principles. Nature is never to be regarded as really intelligent. She is quite incapable of entering into moral relationship with man. She is not man's equal, and must in no way usurp the sympathy due from man to man. Any love for nature is unhealthy that lessens the love for man as compared to nature. The irrational creation must never be set above the rational. It is lawful at times to quit these or those disagreeable companions in human shape, for the companionship of the lower animals, or of the woods and waters. But it is quite unlawful, in so doing, to forget that the most disagreeable man has claims upon us, which the most agreeable things, not human, can never have. Man has not his fellow outside of mankind. Adam had the brute creation around him; he was familiar with them as no one has been since; they were gentle and sympathetic to him as they have been to no one since. Moreover he was begirt with all that was ravishing in vegetation. Yet God judged him to be yet *alone*: God declared that it was not good for him to be even thus *alone*. And so Eve was created and Adam received a companion "like to himself." Ah, but since then there have been the hermits, and the Church has praised them! True, the hermits quitted human society; but then they quitted it by special vocation, and they quitted it to commune, not with the creatures beneath them, but with the God above them. The ordinary misanthropist who shuns mankind because he is a misanthropist, will soon find the truth of the poet's words:

Alone, alone! How drear it is
Always to be alone!
In such a depth of wilderness
The only thinking one.
The waters in their path rejoice,
The trees together sleep;
But I have not one silver voice
Upon my ear to creep.
I thought that I should love my hound,
Hear my resounding gun,
Till I forgot the thrilling sound
Of voices, one by one.
I thought that, in the leafy bush
Of nature they would die:
But as the hindered waters rush,
Resisted feelings fly.

I'm weary of my lonely hut,
And of its blasted tree ;
The very lake is like my lot,
So silent constantly.⁷

A few practical results of sounder views on the matter of sympathy with nature and with the brute creation will be such as these: that, in this enlightened nineteenth century, people will not seriously take up ideas really as childish as those which lead the child to attribute life and feeling to inanimate objects; that certain ladies will not have more heartfelt remorse for an unintentional failure of kindness towards their poodles, than for a systematic course of harsh treatment towards their maids; and that certain gentlemen may not have to be petitioned by their grooms to the effect, that some measure of the consideration may be shown towards these latter which is shown towards the horses.⁸

But it is high time to be passing on to the second characteristic of the nature-worshipper, namely, a sort of abdication of the reasoning faculty in favour of a complete surrender of the senses to all the influences that stream in upon them, till the whole man is lost in a sort of sensuous, voluptuous trance. It is a sort of bath in which the senses are immersed in sweet sights, and sounds, and odours. It is a sort of naturalistic lotus-eating or opium-eating. Again I take illustrations from the writings of C. Brontë.

Deep was the pleasure I drank in with the sea-breeze; and divine the delight I drew from the heaving channel waves, from the sea birds on their ridges, from the white sails in their dark distance, from the quiet, yet beclouded sky overhanging all. In my reverie methought I saw the continent of Europe, like a wide dream-land. Sunshine lay on it, making the long waste one line of gold; tiniest tracery of clustered town and snow-gleaming tower, of woods deep massed, of

⁷ Willis.

⁸ I do not want to wound the poetic mind by insisting on the truth too harshly; but still it is a fact, that mere sentiment has a good deal to do with the sympathetic aspects of nature. Here is a quarter where Alisonians may urge their association theory with some show of success. The little girl can caress her doll, weep for its falls, and punish its faults, because she can *imagine* it a thing with life, even though she *knows* it has no life. The little boy can ride his broomstick, because he can fancy it a horse. But if he asks his grandfather to join in the gallop, well, the worthy old gentleman has not *imagination* enough, even supposing him to be deficient in no other requisites. It is imagination that must lend its aid to invest inanimate objects with a sympathetic attitude towards man: and the only thing to be insisted on is that imagination be controlled within the bounds of moderation. Let us have poetry if you like; but let the rider have command over his Pegasus.

heights serrated, of smooth pasturages and veiny stream, embossed the metal-bright prospect. For the background spread a sky, solemn and dark, blue, and grand with imperial promise; soft with tints of enchantment—strode from north to south a God-bent bow, an arch of hope.

Still more outspoken is the following :

This hag, this reason, would not let me look up, or smile or hope ; she would not rest unless I were altogether crushed, cowed, broken in, broken down. According to her I was only born to work for a piece of bread, to await the pain of death, and steadily through life to despair. Reason might be right : yet no wonder we are glad at times to defy her, to rush from under her rod and give a truant hour to imagination—*her* soft, bright foe, *our* sweet help, our divine hope. We shall and must break bounds at intervals, despite the terrible revenge that awaits our return.⁹ Reason is vindictive as a devil : for me she was always envenomed as a step-mother. If I have obeyed her, it has chiefly been with the obedience of fear, not of love. I should have died of her ill-usage ; her scant, her chill, her barren board ; her icy bed ; her savage ceaseless blows—but for that kinder Power who holds my secret and sworn allegiance. Often has reason turned me out by night, in the mid-winter, on cold snow, flinging for sustenance the gnawed bone dogs had forsaken : sternly has she vowed her stores held nothing more for me ; harshly denied my right to ask better things. Then looking up have I seen in the sky a head amidst circling stars, of which the midmost and the brightest lent a ray sympathetic and attent. A Spirit, softer and better than Human Reason, has descended with quiet flight to the waste, bringing all round her a sphere of air, borrowed of eternal summer ; bringing perfumes of flowers which cannot fade—fragrance of trees whose fruit is life ; bringing breezes pure from a world whose day needs no sun to lighten it. My hunger has this good angel appeased with food sweet and strange, gathered amongst gleaming angels, garnering their dew-white harvest in the finest fresh hour of a heavenly day : tenderly has she assuaged the insufferable tears, which weep away life itself—kindly given rest to needy weariness—generously lent hope and impulse to paralyzed despair. Divine, compassionate, succourable influence ! When I bow the knee to other than God, it shall be at thy white, winged feet.

There remains yet a third stage in the progress of nature-worship, and it is the point at which there arises in the mind

⁹ Lest any one should be tempted by this passage to seek refuge from the stern realities of life in the wild fancies of day-dreaming, it is well to note this acknowledgment of *revenge* that follows on such self-abandonment. It is one of the painful things in reading C. Brontë, to consider into what fevers of unhealthy excitement she must have thrown herself, to realize some of the characters in her novels.

an adoring love, reverence, and awe of Nature, as of some beneficent, mighty Being or Goddess. Once more, C. Brontë:

On mountain or on plain temples have been reared to the sun—altars dedicated to the moon. O greater Glory! To thee neither hands build nor lips consecrate, but hearts through ages are faithful to thy worship. A dwelling thou hast too wide for walls, too high for dome—a temple whose floors are space—rites whose mysteries transpire in presence to the kindling of the harmony of worlds. Sovereign complete! thou hadst for endurance thy great army of martyrs, for achievement thy chosen band of worthies; Deity unquestioned! thine essence foils decay.

Again:

Come, Shirley, we ought to go into church.

Caroline, I will not. I will stay here with my mother Eve, in these days called nature. I love her, undying, mighty being! Heaven may have faded from her brow when she fell in paradise, but all that is glorious on earth shines there still. She is taking me to her bosom and showing me her heart. Hush, Caroline, you will see her and feel her as I do, if we are both silent.

Miss Keeldar, on whom the soft excitement of the warm summer evening seemed working with un wonted power, fixed her eyes on the deep, burning West, and sank into a pleasant trance.

Finally, to end with something more unequivocal, I leave C. Brontë, who after all is only writing fiction, and I turn to one who, speaking in all sober earnestness, gives us this as his creed:

You want to know what I mean by religion. You ask me whether I do not mean benevolence. No; I should be ashamed of such a juggle of words. The religious man, as I apprehend, is, as Tom Warton phrases it, "an enthusiastic or lover of nature." I am an adorer of nature, I should pine to death if I did not live in the midst of so majestic a structure as I behold on every side. I am never weary of admiring and reverencing it. All I see, the earth, the sea, the rivers, the trees, the clouds, the animals, and, most of all, men, fills me with love and astonishment. My soul is full to bursting with the mystery of all this, and I love it the better for its mysteriousness. It is too wonderful for me; but it is beyond expression delicious. This is what I call religion.

No Christian is likely to go this length; but many a one may have to confess with the author of the *Essays of Elia*, that he is "too much of a eudæmonist," that he is in love with the bright skies and green fields, that he would willingly not leave

this fair scene, and that the thought of going hence "staggered him."

But enough of these extracts. Now for some definite declaration of principles. It is an old story I am going to tell: and my only excuse, my strong motive, for telling it is that, amidst the influences of modern literature, it is apt to drop out of mind. That there is a right kind of nature-worship cannot be controverted. As He made earth, sea, and sky; as He called into being things endowed with graduated life, the Creator at each stage pronounced His work to be good. He rejoiced not merely in the production of man, but Holy Scripture says expressly that He has joy in all His works: *Lætabitur dominus in omnibus operibus suis*. Whether God could have created this beautiful world with no rational being on its surface that could pay back intelligent homage to its Maker, is a question that we may shrink from answering. St. Thomas does not feel himself over-confident about replying in the negative. The very stones of the earth, by the fact of their wholly unconscious existence, show forth some faint reflection of the Divine attributes; and even though there were no created intelligence to contemplate them as God's handiwork, yet God at least would recognize the product of His own power and give glory to Himself. The Psalmist is most minute in calling upon sun, moon, and stars, fire and water, hail and snow, mountains and hills, and upon all the beasts of the field to render praise to their Maker.

If we would know what are the claims of the irrational part of creation upon our regards, we must consider their position in the scale of being. In their production God had in view, among other things, the intrinsic perfection of each of them according to its own exigencies. Hence they are all in their measure good. In acknowledgment of this truth the Wise Man says, "*diligis omnia quæ sunt, et nihil odisti eorum quæ fecisti: nec enim odiens aliquid constituisti*." There is, therefore, no created substance that is in itself evil. No positive physical evil is directly the work of God, or directly intended by God.¹⁰ At most it is the necessary or accidental result of secondary, defective causes, the imperfect action of which God permits, in consideration of some consequent good that overbalances the evil.

¹⁰ It is not asserted that God cannot, for some good purpose, directly bring about a great physical calamity, like the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. But in the text there is question only about the ordinary course of physical nature.

Leaving out of sight, therefore, whatever of evil may accidentally be found in things other than man, we will regard their nature simply as it is in itself. Under this aspect they all represent to us, imperfectly indeed and not formally, different perfections of the Divine Essence. The being of God is the ultimate foundation of all possible beings. God contains within himself the prototype or exemplar of all that exists outside of Himself. Every single rock, plant, or brute beast, is and can be what it is, only in as much as it shadows forth some perfection of the Divine Essence. God is not matter; but all the perfections of the material world have their exemplar in God, in Whom they are contained after a manner technically known as by way of *eminence*, that is to say, by way of some infinitely higher mode of existence. The comparison will not go on all fours, but it is after some such manner as intellectual knowledge contains within itself the corresponding sensitive knowledge.

It follows therefore that, apart from any use that a man may derive from things around him, and apart from any subordination of the lower creation to man, its bare contemplation alone is to him a memorial of the Creator, a representation, however faint, of the Creator's perfections. Irrational creatures are not, properly speaking, images of God, because they lack all participation of God's highest attribute, intelligence. Still less are they parts of the Divine being, phenomena of the Divine substance, as pantheists most blasphemously teach. Yet they are God's work; they are shadows of God's perfections; and in these respects they are fitted to lead us to the knowledge of God and to receive a relative honour.

But the rest of the world does not stand to man as a mere object of contemplation. No matter what objections—objections not worth an answer—may be raised about the uselessness of a vast portion of inferior creatures as regards man, about the ages of animal and vegetable existence that passed before man appeared on the scene, about the rebellion of nature against man, and the ruin wrought him by wild beast and storm and earthquake; nevertheless, the general proposition stands true that God made the rest of the world proximately to serve man. Hence God said to Adam, "increase and multiply and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea and the birds of the air, and all living creatures that move on the face of the earth. Lo, I have given you every plant bringing forth fruit on the soil, and all trees that have in them seed according

to their kind, that they may be to you for food." Therefore the Psalmist says of man, "Thou hast set him over the works of Thy hands, Thou hast laid all things in subjection at his feet, sheep, and all kine, as also the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea."

In as much, then, as the lower creation is an express gift of the Maker to man, man has an additional, a more constraining reason for glorifying God in His works.

To recapitulate: all that is good and beautiful in the lower creation is from God, is made after the Divine pattern, is God's gift to man.

But this is not all. God every instant is preserving the existence of every single creature down to the minutest atom and mode of its being—"portans omnia verbo virtutis suæ." God too is at work, not only preserving the active powers of each creature, but Himself immediately concurring in the production of all the effects to which they give rise. Surely here is a doctrine sufficient to found a real love and reverence for Nature—a nature-worship in the best sense of that term. To try to go beyond this limit is to fall immeasurably below it. It is to make Divine what is not God; to insult the Creator by equalling the creature with Him. We do not know the *how* of the existence of finite dependent being, just as we do not know the *how* of a thousand other things; but we are quite sure of the *fact*, and that is enough. As time is no part of eternity, and can hardly be said to be within or without eternity, the two being incommensurable, incomparable terms; so the finite is no part of the infinite, and can hardly be said to be within or without the infinite in the ordinary sense of these words. Yet because we have no other terms to employ, we are sufficiently accurate in saying that creation is outside of the Creator, in the sense that there is no identity of being between the two, but not in a sense exclusive of the Divine omnipresence.

No wonder then that St. Ignatius, putting the climax to his Spiritual Exercises by a contemplation on Divine love, finds no better means to stir up this love within the heart of the exercitant than by bidding him look upon all things as gifts from the creative hand of God, as pervaded and kept in being by the presence and power of God within them, and as working their myriad effects only by aid of their fellow-worker, whose concurrence accompanies every out-putting of their activity. Full of these reflections St. Ignatius himself loved to contemplate nature. He was described by those who saw him as the

man who was always gazing upwards at the heavens. He delighted to feast his eyes on the starry sky at night: but his soul saw further than his eyes, and he exclaimed: "*heu quam sordet terra quum cælum aspicio!*" Only in comparison to something more glorious did he say, "*quam sordet terra.*"¹¹

And what we read of St. Ignatius we read of other saints, before and after him. The legends of St. Francis of Assisi everybody knows. Perhaps the modern nature-worshipper has no small contempt for some of them because, as the complaint is, "they are too teleological." Nature for nature's sake is now the gospel. Indeed, there are so few things that we are now-a-days allowed to do for the sake of ulterior ends that it will soon be a point of morality for soldiers to mark time for the pure honour and glory of going through the effort of walking, without regard to the low consideration of getting from one place to another. However, be our lot with the saints. In the holy simplicity of St. Francis there was a truer insight into "the reality of things"—Carlyle's pet phrase—than is had by the wisest of naturalists, who cannot see beyond naturalism.

The conclusion of St. Ignatius's Exercises was referred to a moment ago, and now their beginning may aptly be quoted as a brief summary of all that it best beseems man to hold about nature—all that he need know, though he cannot afford to know less: "Man was created for this end, that he may praise the Lord his God, that he may reverence and serve Him, and serving Him may at last be saved. As to all other things on the face of the earth, they were made for man's sake, to help him to reach his end. Whence it follows that man must use them or leave them alone according as they help or hinder him in the attainment of his end." Here is the essential truth about nature's relation to man. Thankfully receive what additional light poets or men of science may shed on Nature's wonderful mysteries, but bear in mind that these are secondary matters. No poetry or science is genuine that in any way tends to deny or obscure the fundamental relationship of nature to man, and of man and nature to God.

¹¹ I am reminded, by contrast, of a story about Carlyle. He had been spending an evening with Leigh Hunt, against whom he had been upholding a gloomy view of human life. When the hour of parting came, the two friends were standing at the door. It was a glorious starry night, and Leigh Hunt, pointing to the heavens, exclaimed with triumph, that there was an argument on his side. Carlyle gazed upwards, paused, and muttered, "Yes, it is a sad sight." I cannot be accused of partiality if I say that, in this contrast, my Father Ignatius is more of a hero than the self-constituted apostle of hero-worship.

Chronology of the Catacombs.¹

It was a saying of M. de Maistre that the best means of refuting a bad book is to write a good one on the same subject. But what is to be done, if the good book happens to have been published first, and the bad one follows? Probably he would have said, "Leave the public to decide on their respective merits," and this we should certainly have done with reference to M. de Rossi's and Mr. Parker's books on the Roman Catacombs, if they were at all likely to obtain equal circulation among English readers. But what chance in these days have three folio volumes against a small octavo? It is true the substance of De Rossi's volumes may be read both in English, French, and German abridgments, or rather in an English abridgment, which has been translated into the other two languages, and this is only an octavo volume like Mr. Parker's. But then Mr. Parker has diligently "poisoned the fountains." He warns his readers more than once against accepting this abridgment as a faithful representation of the original; nay, he warns them even against "the excellent account of the Catacombs by Canon Venables in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*," because "it is mainly grounded on De Rossi's work as the best authority; but any Roman Catholic work on the subject must be received with caution by Anglicans." Under these circumstances, we think there is no alternative but to give Mr. Parker his answer.

Moreover, there is this grave inconvenience, that when a man, no matter how foolish, has managed to publish a work, in which he proclaims his own superior knowledge and lays down the law with unhesitating assurance, there will always be some who will take him at his own valuation; his opinion will be sometimes quoted by later writers as of equal authority with

¹ *Archæology of Rome*. By John Henry Parker, Hon. M.A., Oxon. Part IX. "Tombs in and near Rome." Part XII. "The Catacombs." Oxford: James Parker and Co.

those of any others who have written on the same subject ; and the general public, who have no means of testing their respective merits, feel themselves at liberty to choose which opinion suits them best. This has already begun to happen with reference to Mr. Parker's books, or at least the notes appended to his photographs, on the Catacombs. Thus, the late Mr. Wharton Marriot, in his *Testimony of the Catacombs*,² whilst himself agreeing with De Rossi as to the antiquity of a certain painting of our Blessed Lady in the Cemetery of St. Priscilla, and even calling attention in his text to certain particulars, of which he says that "to one who has studied the subject with any accuracy will constitute a strong argument for the *extreme antiquity*" of the work in question, adds in a note, "Mr. J. H. Parker, a careful observer and experienced antiquary, assigns this picture to the year A.D. 523." Who can doubt the effect of this note upon the mind of the ordinary Protestant reader? He will at once feel absolved from the necessity of treating the painting with any respect whatever as a monument of "pure and primitive Christianity." So, again, in Dr. Appel's *Monuments of Early Christian Art*,³ we read of this same picture, "De Rossi believes it to belong almost to the Apostolic age ; but in Mr. Parker's catalogue it is assigned to the first half of the sixth century." To any one who knows the real value of the two authorities, such a statement will sound nearly as reasonable as if a man should say that the Lord Chief Justice of England has given such and such an interpretation of a particular statute, but Mr. Smith does not agree with him. Unfortunately, however, as we have said, the majority of Englishmen do not know the relative value of the opinions of Signor de Rossi and Mr. Parker on a matter of archæology. They only know that one is "a good Anglican ;" the other certainly a Catholic, even though he be not, what Mr. Parker delights in miscalling him, "the superintendent of the Catacombs," "the head officer of this department of the Pontifical Government," &c.

We feel bound therefore in the interest of all students of Christian archæology to expose thoroughly and at once the most serious and fundamental errors of Mr. Parker's book on the Catacombs. To correct all his misstatements in detail and answer all his malevolent insinuations would be too great a trial both for our own and our readers' patience. Nevertheless, we must say a few words in the discharge of our duty as reviewers upon

² Pp. 26, 31.³ P. 60.

some of these minor matters, that so our readers may form some judgment on the quality of Mr. Parker's books as considered apart from their substance. We have before us two of his latest volumes on the *Archæology of Rome*, one on the Catacombs, the other on Tombs; and we are obliged to take them together, because the two subjects are in Mr. Parker's mind so hopelessly confused that he denies that "there is any real distinction between them."

We must confess that we have found it a weary task to wade through one of the volumes, because it is not relieved (as the other is) by divers *purpurei panni* from the pens of Cavaliere Visconti, Professor Westwood, Mr. Isidore Hemans, and others. The volume on the Catacombs is almost exclusively Mr. Parker's own, and it has all the characteristics of his style. We have conscientiously done our duty and read it from cover to cover; and what we have found is this: a profound contempt for everybody's opinion but his own; a great delight in contradicting others, especially men of note, and even his own contributors; a want of power to apprehend what the opinions of others really are and to understand the arguments on which they are based, or else—what we would not willingly believe—a wilful misrepresentation of them; a perpetual sneer at "the Pontifical authorities and their followers," "the theory of the priests and monks," "the Roman traditions," "the traditions of the office," &c.; frequent insinuations or bold assertions that this, that, or the other has been done "for the benefit of the pockets of the priests," that relics are "an article of lucrative trade," "profitable traffic," "sold at a high price," &c. This may suffice, perhaps, as to the moral tone and temper of Mr. Parker's performance. Then, as to his literary skill, we find sentences which are no sentences, for lack of a verb; others which are unintelligible from a want of precision in the use of pronouns; notes appended to passages which they do not illustrate; the same note (of more than a dozen lines in length) repeated on two consecutive pages; statements repeated two, three, or four times, sometimes within sight of one another (so to speak), being printed on opposite pages, or within the same chapter, or once in the text and again in the note, and frequently with important variations; a chapter announced in the text as "most important," and promised in the appendix, but not given there; an event attributed in the course of fifty or sixty lines, first, "to

Urban VIII. in 1694;" then "to Urban IV. in 1694;" and finally, "to Urban VIII. in 1634," &c., &c. ^{up till the time of} Some of these blunders and faults would hardly be worth mentioning, did they not seem to us to express only too faithfully the confusion of thought which underlies most of Mr. Parker's writing. He has indeed two or three *idées fixes*, which may be considered the sum and substance of his book; and these deserve and shall presently receive a careful examination; but he manifests a noble disregard as to the accuracy of all details, whilst yet his book is little else than a confused mass of them. For instance, we cannot understand how "a sandpit can have been *commonly* made in a layer of Pozzolana sand of about ten feet thick" (as we are told in the Preface, p. 8), if it be also true (as we are told in page 41) that "the horizontal layers or beds of this sand are *not usually* more than six feet thick." We should have appreciated the apparent modesty of the assertion in page 2, that "there is reason to believe that the excavation of new Catacombs continued as late as the fifth century," if we had had time to forget the positive announcement made almost in the last page of the Preface, that Pope John the First made a new Catacomb in the sixth. Again, we have been much exercised in our mind as to Mr. Parker's belief about "the Lady Lucina," and her possessions. We read in page 68, first, that "Lucina appears to have been the family name;" then, six lines lower down, it is added, "unless we admit the conjecture of De Rossi, that Lucina was not the name of an individual or of a family, but an enlightened lady, that is a Christian, in which conjecture there seems much probability;" and finally, in a note at the bottom of the page the same conjecture is repeated *totidem verbis*, but without note of acceptance or rejection. Then, as to her possessions, we read in the volume on the Tombs that a certain sarcophagus was "discovered in the Cemetery of Lucina," and it is added in a parenthesis, "Northcote says from San Paolo *fuori muri*" (*sic*). Of course we considered that it was here intended to correct Northcote's error, yet the heading of page 69 in the book on the Catacombs runs thus: "Catacomb of Lucina, *or* St. Paul;" whence we concluded that he had at last ascertained that a cemetery of Lucina and that in which St. Paul was buried were one and the same place. But, again, we are compelled to doubt whether we have not overestimated his knowledge, for we read of certain inscriptions in page 14, that "they came from *loculi* in the crypt of Lucina,

now part of the Catacomb of St. Calixtus," on the Via Appia; but we find, a dozen pages further on, that one of these same inscriptions was "scratched on the plaster in the Catacomb of Lucina, on the Via Ostiensis." Elsewhere we read in one and the same paragraph that "the Lady Lucina placed the body of St. Paul in her property on the Via Ostense (*sic*), and that "she buried him in a crypt on her property, near the Cemetery of Calixtus on the Via Appia;" and so on, backwards and forwards, till the reader's brain gets almost as bewildered as the writer's. Perhaps Mr. Parker has reached the perfection of bewilderment, when he comes to speak of Onuphrius Panvinus. We were well aware that this Augustinian friar of the sixteenth century was considered the marvel of his age for learning and industry; but he must have been a marvel in a far more marvellous way, if half of what Mr. Parker tells us about him is true. For he says⁵ that he probably found in the Vatican Library in the sixteenth century an old Itinerary which Mabillon only discovered at Einsiedlen in the seventeenth; and that,⁶ although he died in 1568, yet "it is not clear whether his book⁷ was written before Bosio began his great work, or immediately afterwards." Really, if Mr. Parker cannot satisfy himself upon this point, it will be useless to look for clearness in him upon any other, seeing that Bosio was not born till 1576, eight years after Panvinus had been in his grave.

We can afford to laugh at these instances of ignorance or carelessness, however discreditable, as long as they only affect the literary reputation of Mr. Parker. But it is a more serious affair when they become the occasion of offering an insult to the learning, the talent, or the integrity of the gentleman to whom we are indebted for our present accurate knowledge of Roma Sotterranea. And we are sorry to say that there are not wanting many instances of this. Here is one: Mr. Parker learns from De Rossi's *Bullettino di Archeologia Christiana* that an inscription has been found in the newly discovered Basilica of Petronilla, "recording the purchase of a grave for the family of Aurelius Victorinus;" and having told us this, he adds: "From this it is inferred by De Rossi that the name of the martyr was Aurelia Petronilla, and that she belonged to the gens Aurelia." Nobody who has ever read a chapter of De Rossi's books would be able to give credit to so obvious a misstatement; and if he turned to the *Bullettino* itself, he would

⁵ P. 58.⁶ P. 162.⁷ *De Cameteriis Urbis Roma.*

find De Rossi's words to be these: "The contract recorded in this inscription does not look like a business transaction between fossors, the persons who in the fourth and fifth centuries had the power in Rome of selling sepulchres in the Christian cemeteries, both above ground and below. All three persons named in it belong to the same Gens Aurelia; it is a sale made in the family; and perhaps this circumstance deserves to be noticed in a place where I expected and now have discovered the monument of Aurelia Petronilla." Anybody more intelligent than Mr. Parker would have seen at a glance that something must have been said by De Rossi elsewhere about the name of the Saint having been Aurelia; and if he had not the patience to look for this further information, he should have had the modesty to hold his tongue. Not so Mr. Parker; it is more to his taste to make good round assertions; so he publishes to the world that De Rossi infers from a single inscription, which manifestly does not imply it, that Petronilla's name was Aurelia; and not one in a hundred of his readers will ever have the means of detecting and refuting the falsehood. We will supply his omission. In a much earlier number of the same *Bullettino*,⁸ De Rossi had written: "The oldest writer who tells us of the translation by Paul the First of the relics of Petronilla, together with the marble sarcophagus, from the Catacombs to St. Peter's is Marquardo Freher in his Lives of the Popes, and he gives the inscription as *Aureæ Petronillæ, filiæ dulcissimæ*; but this word *Aureæ*, being so very improbable, has been omitted by the later copyists, and the authenticity of the inscription itself called in question. It is however undoubtedly genuine, and the true reading is *Aureliæ*, &c. I have found it in the Library of St. Mark's at Venice, in a MS. of Peter Sabinus, the first collector of Christian epitaphs after the revival of learning, who says he saw it himself when Louis the Eleventh in 1474 erected a new altar in St. Peter's to her honour, and so the old sarcophagus came to light."

Mr. Parker is largely indebted for his facts, as every other modern archæologist must needs be, to this *Bullettino*, and this is the accurate and conscientious use he makes of it. We will give but one more example, and then pass on. It concerns Mr. Parker's description of the newly-discovered cemetery of Generosa on the Via Portuensis. First, he says that "it had evidently been examined in the time of Bosio," and we can only

⁸ 1865, p. 46.

conjecture that the evidence on which he relies for this positive assertion are, first, that Bosio does not tell us that he ever saw it, as he never fails to do when he has seen the cemeteries he describes; secondly, that he has nowhere left his name upon its walls, in accordance with his regular practice; and finally, because De Rossi has taken pains to show that there is every reason to believe that the cemetery has never been visited from the days of Leo the Second to the year 1868. Mr. Parker then goes on to say that "over the door of the chapel was an inscription in the beautiful characters of the time of Damasus," to which remark he appends the following note: "*Martires Simplicius et Faustinus qui passi sunt in flumen Tiberem et positi sunt in cimiterium Generosae super Filippi.*" His readers will probably be surprised to learn that this inscription is not written in the beautiful characters of the time of Damasus, and was not found over the door of the chapel in the cemetery, but was on the front of a sarcophagus which has stood for ages in the Palazzo of the Canons of St. Mary Major's, and was probably engraved on it at the time the relics were translated to Rome in 682. It would have been obviously absurd to have set up such an inscription in the cemetery of Generosa itself. However, there was a real Damasine inscription in the cemetery, and De Rossi has discoursed learnedly about it. This only supplies Mr. Parker with materials for fresh blunders. He writes: "De Rossi has given a learned dissertation on the name of Beatrix or Viatrix, which he shows to be the same; the variation of the spelling arises from the difference of pronunciation in different provinces." What De Rossi really shows in the dissertation referred to is this—that the name Viatrix, feminine of Viator, is a different name from Beatrix, and has a Christian meaning, alluding to the condition of all the faithful on their journey through life; that the name of the martyr, as inscribed by Pope Damasus and inserted in the oldest martyrologies, was not Beatrix, but Viatrix; but that about the eighth century, if not before, an opinion prevailed among the grammarians that Viatrix was only a provincial mode of pronouncing Beatrix; and so thinking to correct, they corrupted texts.

We need say no more of the value of Mr. Parker's version of any statement of De Rossi; and the question will naturally occur to our readers, If living authors so suffer at his hands, what of the dead? Some of them also may have read the remarks of one of our Protestant contemporaries on Mr. Parker's

mode of translating the Latin authors he has occasion to quote. The severity of those remarks was such as might have been expected to hinder a speedy repetition of the offence. Mr. Parker, however, is not easily abashed. His sense of his own powers renders him proof against anonymous criticism; and after the lapse of a few months he comes before the public again, quoting Latin as freely as ever and translating it with the same spirited defiance of all grammars and dictionaries. Fortunately for his readers, he generally (but not always) gives them a chance of correcting his errors by printing the original in the notes. Here are some specimens.

The *Liber Pontificalis* says of St. Fabianus, *Multas fabricas per cœmeteria fieri præcepit*. Mr. Parker translates: "He caused many buildings to be erected for cemeteries." The same authority tells us of another Pope: *Tectum ejus (Cœmeterii), id est, S. Tiburtii, etc., noviter fecit*, and Mr. Parker translates, that he "renewed the coverings over Tiburtius;" and then rightly judging that many of his readers would fail to see what the precise nature of this operation might be, he considerably comes to the rescue and enlightens their ignorance by a note, which states that "this probably means, renewed the paintings on the vaults over the bodies in the *cubicula*." We fancy that we recognize here the temptation that caused Mr. Parker to stray on this occasion from the path of strict virtue—we mean, of correct translation. It was probably the desire to bolster up one of his pet theories, which we shall come to by-and-bye. But who shall divine the evil spirit that led him astray in the following instance? We have had considerable experience of the boldness and ingenuity of ignorance when forced unwillingly to face some Latin author after an insufficient use of the dictionary; but Mr. Parker's performance in this line quite baffles us. Beyond the too tempting similarity between the Latin *delato* and the English *dilate*, we fail to discover a trace of the mischievous Will-of-the-Wisp which betrayed him so cruelly into the following rendering of a very simple sentence:

Cum igitur ex honore Martyribus delato, quid utilitatis proveniat cernatis, fugite, amici, dæmonum errorem; prævidæque illorum face atque ductu, viam capessite quæ ad Deum perducit, ut in immortalis ævo illorum choris et præsentia perfruarmini.

When therefore you would dilate on the honour of the martyrs, what use is there in sifting them? Fly, my friends, the error of dæmons, and under their guidance seize upon the road that leads to God, and welcome their presence with holy songs, as the way is to eternal life.

Now, nobody will impute it as a disgrace to Mr. Parker that he should never have learnt Latin, or that, having learnt it, he should have forgotten it; but we think a man can hardly be held guiltless of a grave moral fault who, being thus profoundly ignorant, undertakes not only to compile a history out of Latin materials, but to correct the errors of really learned scholars who have used the same materials before him. Yet Mr. Parker goes even further than this; for he claims to know better than the lexicographers and Latin authors themselves. He tells us twice in his Preface that burial in the *prædium* of a certain person means "in his family burial-place"; and as the Preface to a book is generally the part that is written last, we presume this is his latest conviction. When he wrote his Introduction, he was only feeling his way towards this discovery; for he there allowed that "the *prædia* of the early Christian matrons may have been farms only in the ordinary sense of the word." But he had found it out by page 192, where we read "her freehold farm, *prædium*, i.e., her family burial-place." *Columbarium* is another word on which he has something new to teach us. He continually talks of "tombs full of *columbaria*," which not being in accordance with the recognized usage of scholars, he kindly condescends to explain. He says, "It is not strictly correct to call the tombs themselves *columbaria*, as one of them may contain hundreds of *columbaria*." We read this in page 15. By the time he had got to page 39, he seems to have discovered somehow that the word *columbarium* admits of the sense of a pigeon-house as well as of a pigeon-hole; and he says that "in that sense the name is very appropriate, but some confusion of ideas is produced by the double meaning of the word." Mr. Parker himself is, as far as we know, the first who has fallen a victim to this confusion of ideas. For ourselves, in the blindness of our ignorance, we had always thought that each separate cinerary urn was called, not *columbarium*, but *olla*, and the old Romans who made them and wrote the inscriptions upon them, seem to have been under the same delusion. Of another word, *cæmeterium*, he seems to have been aware from the first that it has "a double signification, one general, the other specific;" but he does not give a correct account of what those significations were. In Rome the more general or extensive meaning of the word comprehended the whole of a Christian necropolis, whether it was above ground or below, together with all the buildings attached to it—the Basilica, mausoleum, dwelling-

houses for the fossors, the *custodi* and the clergy, &c. In a more restricted sense it was used in Greece and on some Greek inscriptions elsewhere for a single tomb. It is found in this sense also on two Jewish inscriptions, written in Greek, and on two Latin inscriptions, the one found in Africa, the other in Italy. The more extensive signification, however, of the word is far the more common and more important; and if Mr. Parker had only made himself master of it, he would not have mistaken the very ordinary operation of putting a new roof on a house or church for the mysterious and hardly intelligible ceremony of "renewing the coverings" over dead bodies, neither would he have translated the word, wherever he finds it in ancient or mediæval writers, as a catacomb.

But we must not waste any more time in criticizing the details of Mr. Parker's blundering. Let us come at once to one of his fundamental errors, which concerns the chronology of the Catacombs—an error for which his ignorance of the true meaning of *Cæmeterium* is in great measure responsible. Mr. Parker tells us that "the Pontifical authorities will not admit that the Catacombs were ever used for interment after A.D. 410; but in this they go too far" (p. 30); "they continued to be used as places of interment for some time" after the siege of Rome by the Goths in the sixth century (p. 22); "the dates of the Catacombs which follow are the periods at which *they were made or restored*. A.D. 772—795: The cemetery of S. Felicitas on the Via Salaria; the cemetery of S. Silvester on the Via Salaria," &c. (pp. 15–24). Such is Mr. Parker's chronology; now for De Rossi's.

Every student, even moderately acquainted with the literature of the subject, is well aware that no scientific attempt to fix the true chronology of the Catacombs had ever been made before our own times. De Rossi himself has said again and again, that he looks upon this as the very foundation of the new studies of Christian monuments and inscriptions, and that "the precise dates, which from an attentive chronological examination he continues to collect with persevering industry and scrupulous conscientiousness, are perhaps the newest and most valuable part of the contribution which he hopes to make to Christian archæology." Let us look a little at his method before we state its results.

The first and surest chronological test must obviously be looked for in the inscriptions, and especially in those on which

the consular dates, or some equivalent for them, are actually recorded. These last, though they could not suffice as a proof of the extreme limit of antiquity to which a Christian monument must belong (since it is known that the most ancient of Christian inscriptions had no such dates), are yet of great importance in our present inquiry, which seeks rather to ascertain how late the practice of burial in the Catacombs was continued than how early it began. Let us, then, see what information can be gathered from this source in the cemetery of Callixtus, the only one of which we have as yet a tolerably complete analysis. In the upper division of it, *i.e.*, in the cemetery above ground, De Rossi has found about two thousand inscriptions, or fragments of inscriptions, and at least an equal number he has recovered from the subterranean Catacomb. Add to these some eight hundred more which he has not seen with his own eyes, but of which his predecessors have left a written record, and we may say, speaking roughly, that he has five thousand inscriptions, or fragments of inscriptions, from this single cemetery. Among the non-subterranean inscriptions there are about fifty with consular dates, concerning which there can be no dispute, and perhaps about half as many more which might be made the subject of discussion. We need not enter into particulars about these, since they would not prolong the use of the Catacombs a single decade of years. But setting aside one doubtful inscription (which, if admitted, would carry back the earliest non-subterranean date to the year 337), we find that the rest begin with the year 358, and then continue from 366 to 542, or possibly 565; that is to say, these inscriptions give certain evidence that the cemetery above ground was in use for rather more than two centuries, from the middle of the fourth to the middle of the sixth. It must be noted, however, that these dated inscriptions are not distributed equally during the several parts of this period; they are much more numerous in the latter half of the fourth century and the first half of the fifth than at any other time; in the first half of the sixth they become very rare indeed, only four or five in fifty years, and after the middle of the sixth they cease altogether. A cemetery lately discovered on the Esquiline, and other intramural cemeteries, exhibiting the same dates, abundantly account for this complete cessation. Now let us descend into the catacombs, and see what chronological data may be gathered there. First, we know from history that this subterranean cemetery existed at the end of the second century

or beginning of the third. We know also from other sources that the cemetery was in use some twenty or thirty years earlier still; but this need not be insisted upon here. We need only start from the days of Zephyrinus, who "appointed Callixtus over it," and this takes us back to the data we have named. Then we have found in it the original epitaphs of several of the Popes of the third century; and the other dated inscriptions, about forty in number, range from the year 300 to 407, three-fourths of them falling within the last fifty years of the period. As, then, there is no proof from the inscriptions of the upper cemetery that it was ever used before the days of Constantine, so there is no proof from those of the lower that it was ever used after the days of Attila; and, indeed, the latest inscription, A.D. 407, was found in one of the very latest galleries.

Such is the conclusion to be drawn from this first and most important element in the reconstruction of the chronology of the Roman Christian cemeteries; and De Rossi tells us that it corresponds exactly with all that he has been able to discover from more partial examinations of the same kind in other parts of Roma Sotterranea. In the cemetery, for instance, over the Catacomb at St. Laurence's, all the monuments range from A.D. 382 to 538, so also at St. Paul's and elsewhere. All both begin and end more or less at the same time; not one of them apparently remained in use so late as the seventh century.

But let us next inquire how De Rossi deals with the great bulk of the inscriptions, those which have no consular dates upon them. He first distributes them, as far as he can, topographically, according to the places in which they were found. For in every fresh excavation—i.e., in every reopening of the galleries and chambers of the Catacombs, and clearing away of the *débris* with which they have been so long encumbered—he has carefully marked and registered every stone, and even every fragment of every stone, bearing so much as a single letter or symbol engraved upon it, and taken note of the precise spot where it was found. When a sufficient space has been cleared below ground to make it worth while to proceed to a study of its contents, he collects all the stones that have been discovered within this area, and divides them into three classes; those which have evidently fallen through the *luminaria*, or in some other way been introduced from the upper world; those which beyond all question belong to the subterranean excavation; and finally, those about which there is some reason to suspect,

either from their size, their shape, or some other cause, that they may have come from outside, but nothing certain is known. Next, he repeats precisely the same process with reference to the stones that have been found above ground; for among these, too, there is sometimes a certain admixture of intruders, which in the course of the last three hundred years have been brought up from below, and a few, perhaps, the place of whose origin must always remain doubtful. Having thus divided his mass of materials into six groups, he proceeds to the most minute examination of them all with reference to their language, whether Latin or Greek; their symbols, monograms, or other ornaments; the form of their letters; peculiarities of grammar or spelling; names; and finally, their style and epigraphic formula.

We need not stop to dilate upon the wearisome laboriousness of this process of examination. De Rossi himself occasionally gives utterance to a pathetic lament as to the dry and tedious character of the task thus imposed upon him; and those who have really made a conscientious study of the three volumes of his *Roma Sotterranea* will have had their share in the same labour and the same lamentation. We would not willingly give our readers occasion to feel the same, and shall therefore confine ourselves to setting before them a brief summary of the conclusions which have been arrived at.

In the cemeteries above ground there are no marks of primitive antiquity, no epitaphs having three names according to classical usage; rarely is even a second name given, the name of the *gens*; and if it be, it is not of any of the older families, but only of the Flavii, Aurelii, &c.; some of the names are essentially Christian, as Joannes, Deusdedit, and the like. There is not a single Christian acclamation of the old primitive simplicity, but rhetorical praises and bad imitations of the poems of Damasus, or mere historical facts, such as the dates of the death or burial, the length of life, the purchase of the grave, and so forth; not a single old Christian symbol, such as the fish, or the anchor, no disguised form of the Cross, but the plain, bold monogram, in one or other of its forms; a few notices of civil or military offices and dignities, and all of them such as may be read in the *Notitia Dignitatum* of the fifth century. In a word, everything combines to fix the date of the beginning of this kind of cemetery in Rome as not earlier than the middle of the fourth century, and there is nothing to show that it continued in use beyond the middle of the sixth.

On the other hand, a similar examination of the chronological tokens of the subterranean cemeteries reveals that they began indeed at various periods, according to the special circumstances of the history of each, but that they all fell into disuse about the same time, the beginning of the fourth century. In one and all of them there is an entire absence of everything belonging to the sixth century or the latter half of the fifth, whilst there are abundant tokens of the second, third, and fourth. The days of the month are always computed by Kalends, Nones, and Ides, not by mere numerical succession, as in the sixth century; the features of civil society which are accidentally revealed to us are all of the first four centuries, none later; the writing, the symbols, the seals stamped on the mortar, are all of the same date; if three names are not found (as in the oldest parts of the cemeteries they usually are), yet the names of the *gens* is not wanting; the sign of the Cross is never found at the beginning of an inscription, as was the custom from about the middle of the fifth century. The stamps on the bricks and tiles are mostly of the second and third centuries, several are of the times of Diocletian and Constantine, a few of the *Officina Claudiana*, which was the first to adopt a distinctly Christian device, the monogram; not one of the fifth century or the sixth. Finally, the coins and medals (of which an immense number has been discovered), though of course they are not used here for any chronological purpose, yet tell not unequivocally the same chronological tale. Taking a large number of instances together, it may always be fairly presumed that objects of this kind belong more or less closely to the age of the tombs in which they are found, and those that have been found in or near the graves of the Catacombs all belong to the first four centuries, not one to the fifth; nay, even those coins belonging to the second and third centuries, which are counted by collectors to be very rare, are actually found in the Catacombs in larger numbers than more common coins of the fourth century.

Perhaps it would be hardly possible to conceive a stronger indirect testimony to the correctness of the chronological limits which De Rossi assigns to the use of the Roman Catacombs, than is contained in this last observation. But we will not try our readers' patience by prolonging any further this dry yet necessary discussion. We will only add De Rossi's own statement of the conclusions which he considers to be established by these and similar observations, conclusions which he ventures to

remind his readers are the fruit of the most minute analysis of more than fourteen thousand inscriptions. He says, that if there is one point which his assiduous observations during the last five-and-thirty years have succeeded in placing in the clearest possible light, it is this—that there were very numerous classes or families of Christian epitaphs, without consular dates, all prior to the time of Constantine, and all belonging to the subterranean excavations; that the comparison of these classes one with another enables him to assign certain characteristics to each successive period from the beginning down to the fourth century; that at first they were all more or less laconic; then, as the style and formularies of the new epigraphy received further development, the mention of consular dates became less rare towards the end of the third century, yet did not come into really common use until after the peace of Constantine, when the more historical style of epitaphs was in vogue; finally, that whereas he announced in 1862 that there was no certain example of an ordinary burial in the Catacombs later than the year 409, now after the experience of fifteen years more he is able to reiterate that assertion with increased confidence. “I have found,” he says, “a few very rare examples of burial there, granted as an exceptional privilege” (*e.g.*, to the relics of a bishop brought from Africa in consequence of the persecution in those parts, to another from Dacia, &c.) “during the first half of the fifth century, but after the year 450 not one even of these;” and he expresses a hope that “these vulgar errors, arising from a confusion between the two modes of burial, may now at last be considered to have been torn up by the roots;” at any rate, he does not consider that any further assertions of the same kind deserve serious discussion or refutation. When a man who has devoted his whole life so assiduously to the study of the subject as De Rossi has done, and who is universally acknowledged to be so impartial and indefatigable a searcher after truth, uses such strong and definite language as this, we think there are not many who will refuse to acquiesce in his judgment. We are confident that no conceivable number of Mr. Parkers will succeed in upsetting it.

J. S. N.

tracing his readers are the fruit of the most minute analysis of more than fourteen thousand manuscripts. He says that if there is one point which his zealous observations during the last five-and-thirty years have succeeded in placing in the clearest possible light, it is this—that there were very numerous classes or families of Christian people without consistent faith prior to the Reformation; that the conversion of these classes one with another enabled him to see a certain character in each

The Family History of a Reformer.

ALTHOUGH the study of what is called the "philosophy of history" may easily run to the excess of reading or even writing history, so as to bring it into forced harmony with certain preconceived views, yet the study of history does undoubtedly illustrate many deep principles both in God's control over human affairs, and in the design and motive of human actions; and the acknowledgment of these is far sounder and safer than the view that all in history is mere fatality and haphazard. Again, in the case of individual life and character, though it be an excess on the one side to discover a judgment from God in every heavy affliction or adverse circumstance, yet it were equally and more fatally untrue to deny that God very frequently and designedly either sends or permits calamities to befall a man in punishment for his sins. As it is with persons, so is it with families; nature hands on a close resemblance in bodily features and in the qualities of mind and character along the line of descent in the same family, and in like manner God seems to hand on a moral responsibility during this life, for in this sense the ancient proverb is still true: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the children are set on edge."

A Genealogical Memoir of the Family of Archbishop Cranmer, the celebrated Reformer, compiled by Robert E. C. Waters, Esq., supplies us unwittingly with fresh evidence of the real principles and motives of his life, and of the failures and reverses with which God so often punishes those who have swerved from the plain path of duty. Our object is to give not so much a study of the personal life and character of Thomas Cranmer, as a slight sketch of these by help of the light thrown on them from the history of his family. The name Cranmer or Cranemere means a lake or mere abounding with cranes, and such a lake as this, together with the ancient manor of the Cranmers, stood in the parish of Sutterton, in the Lincoln-

shire fens. The halo of a visionary antiquity has been cast around the family by carrying its genealogy as far back as a supposed Hugh de Cranmer, whom an old heraldic pedigree reports to have in the reign of Edward the First married Matilda, daughter of William de Sutterton. The proved pedigree, however, begins with Edmund Cranmer, who in the fifteenth century added the lordship of Aslacton in Nottinghamshire to that of Sutterton by his marriage with Isabella, daughter and heiress of William de Aslacton, belonging to a family of great local consideration. At the close of this century we come to Thomas Cranmer, the father of the Archbishop, who married Agnes, daughter of Lawrence Hatfield of Willoughby, and died in the prime of life on June 27, 1501. In his will, like a good Catholic, he bequeaths his soul to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints, and his body to be buried in the parish Church of St. John of Beverley at Watton. The fruit of this marriage was John Cranmer, his son and heir; Thomas Cranmer; and Edmund, afterwards Archdeacon of Canterbury. As to the number of daughters born from it authorities are not agreed, only four are identified by positive evidence.

In examining the history of the Archbishop and of his family one of the first thoughts suggested, with equal surprise and curiosity, is the prominence of the question of marriage. Cranmer's was a wonderfully marrying family, and in this respect he himself was more than on a level with his kindred; for, while on the one side his own marriage made shipwreck of his fidelity to his solemn obligations and to his faith, his equally ready compliance in divorcing and in marrying his Sovereign was the making of his worldly position. Several of his relations were not content with marrying only once, and some did not content themselves with marrying even twice; indeed, when allowed the option, Mr. Waters evidently thinks it safe always to presume marriage in their case. Thus, one of his sisters married a certain Mr. Bingham even in the lifetime of her former husband "a milner;" and, considering the counsels which he gave to the King, we are scarcely surprised at being told that this act of bigamy was said to have been effected with her brother's consent. John Cranmer, the Archbishop's elder brother, when still very young, married Joan Fretcheville, belonging to an ancient and knightly family. Upon her early death he married secondly Margaret, daughter of John Fitzwilliam, head of a family of position in Yorkshire. His eldest

son, Thomas Cranmer, must have married as early in life as his father, for he had a son in 1529 when his father was about forty years old. Thomas, for his first wife, chose Cecily Quadring, of a Lincolnshire family; his second wife was a daughter of Charles Morton of Bawtrey, in Yorkshire. Susanna, his only sister, is stated, in the Visitation of Kent, 1619, to have been the widow of a person of the name of Clerke, when she married Thomas, a younger brother of the seventh Lord Cobham. Upon his death she took, for her third husband, Anthony Vaughan, natural, but acknowledged, son of Sir Hugh Vaughan of Littleton in Middlesex. Thomas Cranmer's youngest son, Robert, married twice, and had for his second wife, before 1585, Jane, daughter of Henry Gray, Esq., of Sussex, mother of his daughter Lady Herry's of Cricksea in Essex. His eldest son and heir, like his father and grandfather, also married twice, his second wife being the widow of Richard Brokesby of Shouldby, in Leicestershire; and by her he had a daughter, Alice, who became the wife of Thomas Molineaux of Teversall, Notts, and left a son now represented by the Duke of Norfolk, she married secondly Sir Anthony Thorold.

Turning aside, for a moment, from the lineage of the second son, subsequently Archbishop, we come to the third, Edmund, Archdeacon of Canterbury. He graduated B.A. in 1513 and M.A. in 1520, and afterwards entered holy orders; in 1534 he was collated to the vacant archdeaconry, at which time it is clear from the age of his son Thomas that he had already done his best to combine marriage with the priesthood. On the accession of Queen Mary, he was formally deprived of all his benefices, proceedings were taken against him for being a married priest, and he fled into Germany, and for the most part of the rest of his life remained abroad. His daughter Alice was the second wife of Thomas Norton, whom we shall have occasion to mention later on, as his first wife was a daughter of the Archbishop; whence it will be seen that in both cases he married the daughters of priests. Of the Archdeacon's grandchildren it is stated with great simplicity that "his son Thomas had issue by his wife, Ann, ten children whom he trained most carefully both in learning and in the fear of the Lord, inso-much that they were deservedly reputed in the next generation, according to Walton's *Life of Hooker*, 'a family of noted prudence and resolution.'"

Difficult as it might seem for the noted Archbishop himself

to have kept pace with his kith and kin in this marrying and giving in marriage, yet he managed to surpass every one of them. The transitions of his fortunes and of his selections of state and condition began immediately after he had gained a Fellowship at Jesus College, Cambridge, and had taken his M.A. degree in 1515, when he was in his twenty-third year. His marriage about that time lost him his fellowship, but "within the year of grace," a statement which scarcely applies to him in every sense, he lost his wife, and so regained his fellowship instead. There seems to be little that is satisfactory to say about this wife, and so far from ranking with the ladies of good family above enumerated, she is simply called Joan, and reported in vague terms to have been the daughter or some other relative of an innkeeper at Cambridge. After her death he took orders and returned to his academical life; but when Cambridge was visited with the plague he retired to Waltham, to the house of a Mr. Cressy, whose sons he then had under his charge. After this, while on his second embassy, in behalf of the King, to the Court of Charles the Fifth, he spent six months at Nuremberg, in the house of the Lutheran pastor, Andrew Hosmer or Osiander. There he met and fell in love with a young woman, the niece of Osiander or of his wife, violated his obligation to celibacy by marrying her in private, and according to some authorities sent her over to England, where he joined and lived with her more or less openly; according to others he left her in Germany with her friends, though she followed him afterwards into England and bore him several children, but was not acknowledged publicly by him. On the promulgation of the Six Articles, Cranmer in great haste despatched her along with her children into Germany, and then very artfully managed to regain the favour and even protection of Henry.

We cannot speak of this sacrilegious union or its unhappy fruits without at once drawing attention to the manifest punishment which God visited on the apostate Archbishop through his wife and children. In the first place, during the course of his imprisonment and even at its termination in his death, neither wife, nor children, nor any of his family would run the risk of coming to visit or console him; this desertion alone must have been a bitter trial to one who was naturally a kindhearted man. If his widow had not been in England when he was burnt at the stake, she returned very soon after to show her respect for his memory by marrying a second and yet a third

time, a compliment which her last husband returned very fairly by marrying twice after her own death. Of the ultimate fate of his only son scarcely anything at all can be discovered, and what is known was very little to his credit. The Crown prevented his inheriting anything on his father's death, and even Elizabeth, while restoring rents and profits to his mother, ignored all his own claims, and it was not until 1571, and after long and costly litigation, that his inheritance was restored to him, though even then he had to buy up a part of it. His affairs always remained embarrassed, and he figured twice as a delinquent in the Ecclesiastical Courts at York, on the first occasion for incontinence, on the second for adultery. He rapidly ran through his property at Kirkstall, and though slightly helped by the Queen, he had in the end to sell away his whole estate. One further point in his history concludes the significant lesson. He married the widow of Hugh Vaughan, who not only outlived him but married a third husband; he left no children, and with him the issue of Archbishop Cranmer became wholly extinct.

Of his daughters Cranmer saw one cut off in her early youth, the other lived for a still more hapless career and death. She was the first and childless wife of Thomas Norton, a man of ability and high position, but so unprincipled in his bigotry and so savage in his persecution of all Catholics, that even his fellow-Protestants have stigmatized his course as "disgraceful alike to himself and to the ministers of Queen Elizabeth." By Catholics he was styled "Archicarnifex," and he will be recognized by some of our readers as the inhuman torturer of Fathers Edmund Campian and Alexander Briant. After the decease of his first wife, this man married her cousin Alice, the Archdeacon's daughter, and found in her a ready fomentor of his bigotry. Her husband had declared that Mr. Thomas Pounce was fit only for Bedlam, and his wife after several fits of insanity ere long became a confirmed lunatic, in which state she lived for many years; it is indeed reported that she was herself confined in Bedlam. About the same time Norton received a further very marked punishment, when his stepmother, also going mad, drowned herself in a fit of distraction. Finally, after having been imprisoned for violence and disrespect, he was again shut up in the Tower on a charge of high treason, and soon after his release he died a worn-out man, within only one year of his father, who had managed to marry for the third time, very shortly before his death.

The family history of the great Protestant Reformer brings out another point in his character, and one in which we fail to see verified even the faint and negative praise of the Genealogist, that Cranmer "cannot be accused of personal greediness, for the only bargain which he made for himself and his children was granted to him by the King unasked, at the motion of Dr. Butts." Nor does this amount of praise fully agree with the subsequent admission that, with the final bankruptcy of his son, "passed away every vestige of the great estate which Archbishop Cranmer had, thirty years before, taken so much pains to secure to be the inheritance of his heirs for ever." The truth was that Cranmer's scandalous and sacrilegious position as a married priest and bishop gave him an especial, and from a worldly point of view a fair, cause of anxiety about temporals, in order to provide suitably for his wife and family; while ordinary precaution must have checked anything like excessive greed in one equally exposed to the censures of the Church and of his royal master. It required not, indeed, this particular excuse for his following the prevailing fashion of enriching himself and his family connections as handsomely as he had an opportunity of doing, and we cannot see that he denied either himself or them to any extent in this matter. We begin with the very candid admission of the Genealogical Memoirs before us, that "the Archbishop's letters to Cromwell on behalf of his kindred and personal friends were frequent, and he obtained for them a considerable share in the distribution of the abbey lands at the disposal of the Crown." We can scarcely imagine there was more of humble Christian self-denial than mere worldly prudence in one who had so little respect for his ecclesiastical character before the world, and so little delicacy or principle left, as to seek to found a worldly estate for himself on acts of Church robbery which, as Archbishop, he was bound to withstand and denounce.

In 1543 a grant was made to him consisting of the sites and demesnes of Arthington Priory and Kirkstall Abbey in Yorkshire, along with the parsonages and churches of Whatton and Aslacton, Notts, and the advowsons of the same, as well as that of Kingsnorth in Kent; all these being valued at £659 3s. per annum, according to the rate of money at that date. As one use of this act of Church spoliation for his personal benefit, he conveyed the rectories of Whatton and Aslacton to his nephew Thomas Cranmer, the squire; giving the manor in Ratcliffe-on-Trent to Harold Rosell, who married his sister Dorothy. It was

through the Archbishop that his brother Edmund was preferred to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, and though this was the most lucrative benefice in the Church of England under a bishopric, we do not especially blame him for the appointment, as it was generally given to a near relative of the Primate. It cannot, however, form any argument in favour of self-denying forbearance in regard of his family; especially as his brother was, like himself, a married priest, and a great sympathizer with the reformers, who were bent on destroying a Church to which both still pretended to belong. Again, where is the argument for disinterestedness, self-denial, or delicacy of conscience in the keen and self-satisfied eye to business with which Cranmer conveyed the Church lands of Kirkstall Abbey and Arthington Priory by two separate deeds of feoffment to trustees, to hold the same to the use of himself for life, with remainder to his son, Thomas Cranmer in tail, with remainder to his own right heirs in fee. By which settlement, it is naively remarked, "the Archbishop secured for his only son an honourable position amongst the landed gentry at no great distance from the Nottingham home of his ancestors. The united demesnes of Kirkstall and Arthington formed a noble inheritance for a country gentleman. They comprised several manors with a woodland tract of romantic beauty, several miles in extent and abounding in valuable timber. The stately Abbey of Kirkstall stands in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Aire, three miles from Leeds. The fabric was still untouched, and its magnificence can be appreciated from the existing ruins, which are acknowledged to be the finest relic of monastic grandeur in the kingdom. The lord of Kirkstall would always be a local magnate, and the Archbishop might reasonably anticipate that he was founding a family which would in after generations perpetuate and revere his memory. So doubtless he proposed, but God otherwise disposed; yet, when he could provide for himself and his heirs so handsomely, we are inclined to commend his shrewdness in not trying to get more by an importunity that would have been most perilous to his life and estate, only we cannot call his act one either of modesty, self-denial, or unselfishness.

The third point in the family history of Archbishop Cranmer is still more illustrative of his personal character and of the spirit of his Episcopate. This was a twofold change in his armorial bearings, both as a private man and as Archbishop of Canterbury. The arms of the Cranmer family were originally

a chevron between three cranes, taking the form of an heraldic pun on the name ; but on the occasion of Cranmer's sending his wife back to Germany, while the Act of the Six Articles was in force, he changed the three cranes of his paternal coat of arms into three pelicans, drawing with their beaks drops of blood from their breasts to feed their young. It is stated that the alteration was made by order of the King, and that he accompanied this command with the grim jest (may we not call it threat?) "that those birdes shoulde signifie to hym that he oughte to be redie as the pellicane ys to shede his bloode for his yonge ones brought upp in the faith of Christe ; for" (said the King) "you arr like to be tested yf you stand to your tacklyng at length." There can be little doubt that the uxorious monarch, who has scandalized every Christian country by the number of his so-called marriages, was seriously annoyed at this reflection of his own character in his Archbishop, and even despised him for his open violation of the laws both of the Church and of his country ; but it is difficult to hit on the precise meaning intended by the King, either in his act or in his words. He perhaps wished to hint to Cranmer that the time might come when even his royal patron might not be able to protect him against the censures of the Church and the indignation of his Ministers ; they at all events suggest to us the question, Is Harry the Eighth also among the prophets ? We may even wonder whether the sarcastic sneer, the bitter irony scarcely veiled beneath these words, ever pricked the Archbishop's conscience or cost him a moment's anxiety as to his own state of life. He certainly showed no readiness to act up to this emblematic device in its religious and ecclesiastical application. The pelican in her piety is a Catholic emblem of the Passion of Christ, well befitting the arms of a true and faithful Catholic prelate ; but it reads like a fresh parody on its true significance when we learn from Strype that similar arms were assumed by several of Queen Elizabeth's bishops, either to imitate Cranmer, or to signify their readiness to shed their blood for the Gospel.

The same royal authority which so imperiously dictated to his all-obsequious servant that a show of fidelity to the Church should be given to his family arms required, in the exactly opposite direction, that his archiepiscopal seal should be robbed of its distinct emblematic reference to the same spirit. Here the King's sarcasm and irony were still more refined,

but, like a two-handed sword, its second edge struck somewhat sharply against himself, while it brings out more clearly that his object was to make himself the source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the exponent of religious duty. Dictating to God, as well as to the Church, Henry set about to uncanonize St. Thomas à Becket, without staying to ask whether his sentence would be ratified in heaven. "It was commanded by royal proclamation on November 16, 1538, that henceforth Thomas Becket should not be esteemed nor called a saint, that his images and pictures throughout the realm should be destroyed, and from henceforth the days used to be festivals in his name should not be observed. Up to this time the martyrdom of Becket had been represented on the Archiepiscopal, prerogative, and faculty seals of every Archbishop of Canterbury since Hubert (1193—1205), but Cranmer now proceeded to have new seals made, in which the martyrdom was displaced by a Scriptural subject." He who had violated his canonical obedience to the Church, and trampled on his personal duties as Archbishop, now as readily obeyed the voice of man to turn traitor to his public responsibilities to his see. Yet we cannot but note the hand of God in all this: it would have been an unnecessary insult to the memory of the faithful shepherd and great martyr to have retained the mere effigies of his heroic self-sacrifice, after the spirit that animated him had been so completely discarded.

In no instance have the positions between Church and State, between King and primate, been so strikingly reversed. Let us trace out part of the contrast, for it were difficult to exhaust the whole. St. Thomas à Becket began by holding a temporal office, and rendering temporal service to Henry the Second, but when chosen for the archbishopric he made definite resistance to the step, and gave full warning of its probable consequences. Thomas Cranmer was also chosen by the predilection of his royal master, another Henry, for the same office, and after temporal services rendered; but here the resemblance abruptly ceases. The dates which Lingard gives us preclude the possibility of any real opposition on his part. "On November 6, 1532, the Emperor Charles the Fifth fixes his residence at Mantua, having Cranmer with him as English ambassador. November 18th, he is still there, and receives the official notification of Cranmer's recall, and on the same day he delivers his answer into the future archbishop's hands to take with him to England. Cranmer was preconized by

the Pope, in a consistory held in January, thus leaving two months only for his journey from Mantua to England, his acceptance of the archbishopric, the mission of the proctor to Rome, and his proceedings there; on March 30, 1533, Cranmer was consecrated. Dodd gives the still earlier date of the 13th. There was, it is true, a difficulty in his appointment, as in Becket's, and there was also the fear of conflict; but in the former case, it had been the forecasting of a struggle with the King unto death in defence of the just rights of the Church; in Cranmer's case, it proceeded from a conscious treachery to the Church's laws, already consummated in his own person, since not only was he under canonical censure, but he was at heart a Protestant. His manner of extrication out of this difficulty widened immeasurably the divergence between Thomas Cranmer and St. Thomas à Becket. The latter had been a fearless, consistent, and out-spoken champion of his Church and faith alike, the other was a cowardly, vacillating, double dealing traitor to both. Dodd tells us that, leaving his wife for the present behind him in Germany, Cranmer had the effrontery to sue to Rome for his bulls, notwithstanding the late royal order against receiving any decrees from thence. He paid 900 ducats, by way of composition, for the annates, though there had been another order against such payments. Nay, he accepted the title of the Pope's legate, and made the customary vow of obedience to the Holy See—in fact, he stuck at no point, disregarded all authority, even that of the King, till he attained in the end the coveted prize of the pallium, which he received from the hands of the Papal delegates.

Henry was a master in duplicity, and he had an apt disciple and accomplice in his archbishop. Where was Cranmer's conscience, or sense of truth and honour, where, we might almost ask, was his belief in God, when as in His presence he twice swore canonical obedience to the Pope, though he was not merely in his heart firmly resolved to break that oath, but had read once over, in the presence of only a few witnesses privately assembled, a protest in direct contradiction to his oath? Still more unprincipled was his attempted justification to Queen Mary of all this duplicity, for while he owns to it unblushingly, he adds that he only sought an opportunity of thoroughly reforming the Church. As he had begun so he continued. It was not alone that he owed his elevation to the shrewdness with which the King had detected

in him a willing tool for manœuvring his divorce from Catharine, but with the King's help he enacted one hypocritical piece of jugglery after another, and sacrificed every principle of justice and obedience. To his prostitution of the spiritual authority beneath the arrogance of Henry, he added meanness and heartlessness, as well as ingratitude to the Boleyn family, his former patrons, when he lent himself to the King's will, and "having previously invoked the name of Christ, and having God alone before his eyes," pronounced the marriage between Henry and Anne to have been always null and void, though he himself had previously, as metropolitan and judge, examined into and confirmed it. At the same time, an angry message from the King frightened him into writing a letter of the most craven and servile duplicity, to serve whichever way the wind might have turned in the royal favour.

In the matter of the famous Six Articles Cranmer had the gravest cause for alarm which he ever experienced during Henry's reign. He had been ready to brave all the censures of the Church, but his fear of death or of worldly loss made him quail before man, and sacrifice every other principle to that of self-preservation. He never took kindly to, nor privately adopted the painfully suggestive device of the pelicans, and now that the King seemed to turn against him, he fell upon every expedient with which his ingenuity, sharpened as it had been by practice, could supply him. He began by humbly submitting to the King's superior judgment such reasons against the law of clerical celibacy as occurred to him, he suggested the expediency of a royal declaration imposing silence on the subject. He then grew bolder, and (as we read in Lingard) in a spirit of unprincipled and reckless insincerity "proposed that the lawfulness of the marriage of priests should be debated in the Universities, on the condition that, if judgment were given against his opinion, its advocates should suffer death; if in its favour, the canonical prohibition should be no longer in force." Not even this unworthy artifice gained over the King, the Six Articles became law, and Cranmer wrote an abject apology for having opposed the opinion of his Majesty, while he and others pretended they had been won over by Henry's superior reasoning and learning. It seemed no longer possible for the Archbishop to be honest and straightforward in his policy, even when he had not the excuse of faint-heartedness in the presence of danger. Thus, in 1553, though convinced of the

injustice, illegality, and evil consequences sure to arise from the measure, and though he had entered the presence of Edward the Sixth to remonstrate, he ended by signing the new settlement which shut out both Mary and Elizabeth from the succession to the crown, confessing that he had the weakness to yield against his own conviction.

On her accession, Queen Mary was very lenient towards Cranmer, merely issuing an order that he should confine himself to his palace at Lambeth, though he had been the author of her mother's divorce, and had signed away the succession from herself. Here, by brooding over the failure of his hopes the Archbishop worked himself up into a passion: he vehemently rebutted certain charges laid against him of temporizing and inconstancy, and then broke out into profane and scurrilous abuse against the holy mysteries of the altar. He was in consequence summoned before the Council, which "after a long and serious debate committed him to the Tower, as well for the treason committed by him against the Queen's Highness, as for aggravating the same his offence by spreading abroad seditious bills, and moving tumults to the disquietness of the State." The double recantations and final execution of Archbishop Cranmer are familiar to all. The external vacillations of the Primate, though betraying the weakness of his character and his want of resolution, are by no means to be attributed to any change in his internal convictions; still more then do they tell against his sincerity or staunch fidelity to the heretical opinions which he had adopted. When he saw his two friends, Ridley and Latimer, being led off to execution his resolution began to waver, he let fall some hints of a willingness to relent, but in a short time recovered the tranquillity of his mind. Fresh indications of the nearer approach of death reawakened all his terrors, and he recurred to his old weapons of self-defence—pretended re-conversion, external condemnation of past error, abjuration of the faith which he had taught, submission to the Council, first in ambiguous terms, and then in more clear and definite language. Worst of all, and really terrible to read, were the false and hypocritical assurances in his fifth recantation, that he was not actuated by fear or favour, but that he abjured his erroneous doctrines for the discharge of his own conscience and the instruction of others. Compliance with his prayer for a few days longer respite led him, as Lingard tells us, to write

a sixth confession more abject and insincere than any which had preceded it, and profanely extending his act of dissimulation to the Church itself and to its visible head. He had, he said, blasphemed against the Sacrament, had sinned against heaven, and now conjured the Pope to forgive his offences against the Apostolic See. At the last moment, it is true, Cranmer met his death with resoluteness, and for this act let us give him the full credit which it deserves, but when we remember that his courage came to him only in the final moment of desperation when all hope of life had fled; that although he thrust his right hand into the flame, exclaiming: "This hath offended," he yet expressed no contrition for all his past duplicities and injuries multiplied both against the Church and against individuals; that, on the contrary, up to almost the last gasp of life he persevered obstinately in his course of falsehood and deception, pretending even on the scaffold to be about to make public confession of his past errors, while he held in his hand a disavowal of his recent retractations; remembering all this, we cannot see any heroism in his death. In these points of courage, consistency, and sincerity, the Archbishop shows to very great disadvantage beside most of his relatives or family connections. It is true that the like timorousness made his brother banish himself for life from his native country; with this exception, however, his kindred were either staunch supporters of the old faith, or unflinching and unchanging in their hostility against it.

But though Cranmer had expunged the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury from his seal, has not Protestantism encircled his brow with the martyr's crown, and placed the palm of martyrdom in his hand? Was not his death as violent as Becket's, was it not met in the cause of religion, was he not at least a Protestant martyr? Our answer is this, place St. Thomas à Becket beside Thomas Cranmer, in the private life, the public actions, and the death of each, and you will see how justly and completely Cranmer repudiated the memory of a martyr, whom he lacked equally the power or the desire to imitate. Not even in any legitimate Protestant sense was Henry the Eighth's Archbishop a martyr, because he possessed none of the necessary qualities of a martyr. He had neither physical nor moral courage, he had neither greatness nor depth of character; instead of sacrificing everything, he would sacrifice nothing for his religion; fear made him recreant to one religious

conviction and principle after another; he seemed to have no supernatural view of his duty to God or man, no zeal or desire for martyrdom, no feeling of its happiness and glory, no bright anticipation of its heavenly reward. He dissembled and lied in order to fight it off, then, when all chance and choice were gone, he turned to submit to his fate with the courage of despair. We may sympathize with him in the agonies of his death, but before we can call him a martyr we must find a new definition of the word, and, like Cranmer, obliterate from our memory the noble death of St. Thomas à Becket, and of the hosts of martyrs of the Catholic Church.

It has been already seen that Archbishop Cranmer left behind him no descendants in the direct line, the family name was, however, handed on by the descendants of his two brothers. John, the elder one and head of the family, had Thomas, his son and heir, by his first wife; by his second he had Richard and Susanna. Richard spent his life in the dependent position of a younger son; by his wife, Alice, he had six children, of whom Thomas was still living in 1614, John was alive in 1616, and Paul was baptized in 1565. The family of Thomas Cranmer the eldest son consisted of Thomas, Charles, Margaret, Mary, a son whose name was perhaps Sarpuel (as about this time the name appears to have come first into the family); John, grandfather of Dame Mary Chester; Edmund, who married about 1583, and had five children, namely Mary, Elizabeth, John, Margaret, and Thomas; lastly, Robert, already mentioned by us, and the most prosperous member of the family. This Robert was bred to the Bar, and succeeded so well in his profession as to be able to purchase considerable estates in Kent in 1594. He was appointed one of the Yeomen of her Majesty's Jewel House, and was an active magistrate for Kent and Sussex. He survived his son Thomas, who died young, and his only daughter, Lady Herry's, whose two sons became the heirs of their grandfather, at his death in 1620. His elder brother Thomas, head of the family, had issue Thomas, who died when four years old; Mary, afterwards married to her cousin, John Rosell of Ratcliffe, grandson of Harold Rosell and Dorothy Cranmer; Alice, Elizabeth, and Thomas. As the last named of these, the second Thomas in the family, died, like his brother, when very young, the family name of the elder branch became extinct.

Edmund Cranmer, the Archbishop's younger brother, had

several children by Alice Sands, whose names were Thomas, George, Alice, and Ann. About two others, named Richard and Joanna, who were probably his children, there are some doubts. It is supposed that Joanna, born so late as 1561, was his child by a second wife whom he married in his old age. Thomas Cranmer, the eldest son, was born in 1535; he held until his death the office of Registrar of his father, in the Archdeacon's Court at Canterbury. He had issue by his wife ten children, and died in the June of 1604, in the sixty-ninth year of his age; his epitaph gives thirteen as the number of his family, but of three of these there is no further trace. George was his eldest son, who went to Oxford at the age of thirteen, and had for his tutor the famous Richard Hooker. He was a man of great ability, and held important secretaryships, but when only thirty-six years of age he was slain in a skirmish in Ireland. The next son, George, was also educated at Oxford, where he entered in the rank of the son of a plebeian. On his brother's death he became his father's heir-at-law, but two years afterwards he lost his reason, and in 1607 was declared a lunatic; he lived to a great age. The only other son of this family was William Cranmer, baptized in 1582. He was bred to a trade, and on the lunacy of his brother inherited his father's estate at Sapington. About 1619 he married Susanna, daughter of Edmund Powell of Fulham. He resided in Canterbury, where he became the fast friend of Isaac Walton, but in 1641 he was living in Rotterdam, as Deputy-Governor of the English Merchants, and died there in 1650. The children born to him were Susanna, Elizabeth, George, Mary, William, and Anne. Of these George, his father's heir, died unmarried, so that his next brother, William, succeeded him. This brother was a merchant of great integrity and experience, and was knighted on the occasion of presenting an address to King William the Third. He died unmarried, and thus the male line of the Cranmers descending from the Archdeacon through Thomas Cranmer, the "Register" of Canterbury became extinct.

It is within the real scope of our subject to draw attention to the great skill of Mr. Waters in patching evidence together so as to identify some existing members of the Cranmer family with an ingenuity that reminds us of the rehabilitation by Mr. Bell of the Huntingdon succession. In 1652, Robert Cranmer, merchant of London, purchased the Manor of Mitcham

after he had returned to England, at the age of thirty, with a fortune made in the East Indies. He died of the plague, and was buried at Mitcham, in 1665-6, leaving seven sons; and the last male heir of this line of the Cranmers was his great-great-grandson, James Cranmer, who died June 5, 1801. James, as we are told by Mr. Waters, devised by his will the Manor of Mitcham to his younger daughter, widow of Captain Richard Dixon, with the proviso that she and her heirs should bear the name and use the arms of Cranmer. Application was made to the Heralds' College for right to carry this out, but seventy-one years ago two answers were received, acknowledging complete failure in the attempt to prove the claim. Private ingenuity and perseverance were therefore brought to bear on the vexed question, how to connect the said Robert with the family of the Archbishop. While Robert was baptized on May 11, 1617, he was inferred to be the eldest brother of Dorothy, because in 1672 she was only twenty-nine; his parents therefore would have been married just before 1617. His mother was named Anne, and she mentions in her will her brother Henry Gravener. Again, Robert, in writing from the Indies to his sister Anne, addresses his letter to Mrs. Anne Cranmer, for his sister would be living with her mother at the Blew Bell, near St. Paul's Gate. An extract from the London registers of the seventeenth century gave the following :

St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, 1616, March 21. John Cranmer, of St. Michael le Querne, clothworker, and Anne Grav'ner, maiden, were married by license.

But, on inquiry, it was found that the register of St. Michael's was burnt in the great fire of 1666, and the books of the Clothworkers' Company began just one year too late. Yet examination showed on the index book that John Cranmer, apprentice of Hugh Evans, took up his freedom in 1613; this proved that, according to the usual term, John was bound in 1606. Unfortunately the binding books of the same company began with 1607, yet was he the only Cranmer in their books from 1545—1661.

The final successful answer was obtained from the registers of the parish of St. Augustine's, wherein were found these entries :

1622. October 20, John, son of John and Anne Cranmer, bapt.
then, *inter alia* of same family,

1644. October 22, John Cranmer, housekeeper, buried.

Thus it appeared that John Cranmer passed the last twenty-two years of his life in the parish of St. Augustine. The connection with the Archbishop's family was clearly established by the legacy in Robert Cranmer's will of £5 apiece to the five Gettins, for Robert Cranmer of Chevening, the youngest brother of the last Squire of Aslacton, mentions in his will his niece, Mary Gettins, the daughter of his brother Edmund. This brother removed to Robert's estate of Chevening, where he died, and was buried, and of his two sons John and Thomas it may fairly be guessed that the elder one was the particular John in question, who would naturally name his eldest son Robert after an uncle who had been so great a benefactor to his father. Thus a descent might still be upheld from the eldest and unsullied branch of the family.

J. G. M.L.

Alfred the Great.

PART THE FIFTH.

To appreciate the blessings of peace men ought to have passed through the horrors of war. The West Saxons for many years had been dwelling in the midst of alarms, even when they were not actually fighting for their lives, and the honour of their wives, and the hopes of their children. From the beginning of the new series of Danish invasions the thought of the Northmen must have been ever present to their minds, like a vague but dreadful apprehension, underlying all other thoughts, and refusing to be sent away. At any time the barbarians might be upon them unannounced. The stream of the Thames is not as limpid now as it was a thousand years ago, and much has been said of danger to the teeming population from its polluted waters, but the remedy is with ourselves and our enemies are those of our own nation. In these days the complaint should lie against the towns and villages which encumber the river banks, and in return for useful portorage have only insult and injury to offer. But in the days of which we have been speaking the grievance was the other way. Then the rivers of England were like traitors to the land of their birth, ever ready to help the advance of an invader and to guide him noiselessly into the interior. The light draught of the Danish galleys enabled them to penetrate far inland by many a watercourse which would be barred against larger vessels of war. Old ladies can recall the undefined fear which they and their mothers felt when Napoleon was known to be on the point of invading England, but a French invasion would have been a pleasant little episode compared with the invasion of the sons of Lodbrog. And yet from Alfred's birth to the Peace of Wedmore Danish invasion was a part of the normal state of things. Men can become used to anything, but it might almost seem that life on such terms was scarcely worth having. When at last the Danes had been really humbled and the prospect of a lasting peace was granted to weary eyes, it must have been as if a mountain had been moved from its place and cast into the sea.

Alfred's genius has been variously estimated. One writer ascribes to him "a decided turn for invention," and says that to him "it was a particularly easy task to learn anything new."¹ Another says that "we cannot trace in his acts any sign of a creative faculty or any perception of new ideas."² It is certain that the task he proposed to himself was one of reconstruction, not of innovation. All things ecclesiastical and secular were in disrepair in Wessex in the summer of the year 878,³ when Alfred found himself at leisure to turn his attention to the removal of the manifold evils which had followed in the train of war. The condition of his people might have moved him to tears, if it had not rather spurred him on to intense exertion. He had felt too surely the protection of heaven when all seemed lost, to doubt that God's grace would be with him now to complete the providential work intrusted to him as King of Wessex. The times were very truly "out of joint," but Alfred did not consider it "a cursed spite" that ever he was "born to set them right." He worked and prayed. His first labours were dictated to him by necessity. As soon as he was free to choose what next to do, his earliest anxiety was, as with all civil rulers it ought to be, to see to the worship of God.

The hopes which he cherished were only delusive dreams unless he could make safe and lasting the hard-won peace, wrought out on many a battle-field at the price of valued lives. The first point, therefore, to be considered by way of prelude to all further meditation was the best method of securing for the future the efficient defence of the country. To have an adequate force of trained sailors and soldiers, ready for immediate service, and ships of war, and fortified cities or camps of refuge, was the most pressing need. It was necessarily a work of time to put war material into available shape, but a beginning might be made, and if a system could be devised capable of speedy development, a steady increase of military strength and means of resistance would set in at once, and no time would be lost. It was of cardinal importance that no time should be lost in beginning.

From the frequent little naval engagements which are recorded as having taken place after the year 880, it seems

¹ Dr. Pauli, *Life of Alfred the Great*, sec. viii.

² J. R. Green, *A Short History of the English People*, ch. i. sec. 5.

³ Gervasius Dorobernensis, apud Twysden. The Roman name of Canterbury was Durovernum, from the British Durwhern. "Dorobernia quæ nunc est Cantuaria" (Dugdale, vol. i. p. 95).

probable that Alfred kept his ships assiduously cruising in the Channel during the summer. He sometimes commanded in person. Although we may feel sure that he laboured hard from the first to make his fleet more formidable, it was not till the very close of his reign, in 897, after long experience of naval tactics and observation of deficiencies, that he began to lay down his ships upon lines of his own contrivance, no longer condescending to borrow ideas from "the children of the creeks." "Then King Alfred commanded long ships to be built to oppose the 'æscs;' they were full nigh twice as long as the others; some had sixty oars and some had more: they were both swifter and steadier and also higher than the others. They were shapen neither like the Frisian nor the Danish, but so as it seemed to him that they would be most efficient."⁴

A fleet to ride in the southern waters was the first requirement for the national defence; the second was an army which could be easily mobilised. The Danes were to be kept from landing if possible, but if they did land they were not to be allowed to remain. Armed resistance had been left too much to haphazard before this time for want of some simple, easily effected arrangement by which the landwehr could be put into the field. It had seemed so perfectly hopeless to forestall a danger which threatened all parts of the coast impartially, that in practice all serious efforts had generally been deferred till the actual presence of the enemy made vigorous action necessary. To let things take their course, however, was not Alfred's way, at least when he had leisure to plan and was free to act. The necessity of doing something was at least as great as the difficulty of knowing what to do. At what date Alfred devised the happy and patriarchal plan of making men soldiers and husbandmen in regular alternation we are not informed, but the system is found in full operation in the year 894 in the contest with Hasting. "The King had divided his forces into two, so that one half was constantly at home, the other half in the field, besides those men whose duty it was to defend the burghs."⁵ It may be presumed that the arrangement was not meant to be of rigorous application in the winter months, when danger from the Danes was more remote, and general vigilance, with some definite method of speedy summons would fulfil the demands of prudence.

That Alfred did not rely entirely upon his "wooden walls"

⁴ *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, an. 897.

⁵ *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, an. 894.

is attested by Asser in his synopsis of the King's good deeds. "What shall I say . . . about the rebuilding of cities and towns, and the foundation of others where none had stood before?" In the same passage there is melancholy evidence of want of co-operation on the part of those for whose welfare he was working. "He was urgent with his bishops and earls and the noblest and most esteemed of his officers and the magistrates, to whom as is fitting next after God and the King the whole power of the realm is intrusted, instructing them kindly, praising them beyond their merits, encouraging and commanding them, and after patient endurance, when other remedies failed, severely chastising them. Thus with consummate wisdom he laboured to counteract the stupid reluctance of inferior minds, moulding them to his will, and winning them to his service. Yet, in spite of his inspiring words, through the indolence of his followers his orders were not executed, or were begun too late upon some emergency, and in their half-finished state were of no real service." The picture may be highly coloured, but we can hardly doubt that Alfred's unconquerable will was almost as necessary to save the West Saxons from themselves as to save them from the Danes. That very formidable element of human strength, the *vis inertie*, was largely present in the moral composition of our Saxon ancestors.

Having thus in some sort provided for successful resistance in the event of a fresh invasion, Alfred turned his mind to other questions of government scarcely less urgent. Even at the beginning of the century the decay of learning had set in, and the clergy and monks, partly perhaps by some natural law of mental movement, as the pendulum swings backward and forward, showed signs of failing zeal for the House of God. Quickly their punishment came. No sooner did the monasteries cease to be centres of learning than they were given to the flames by one set of invaders after another, till hardly one was left in all the land.

The destruction of the monasteries and the slaughter of thousands of monks and nuns had put a rude end for the time to conventual life in the north and east where it had chiefly flourished, but in Wessex religious fervour had for some time been languishing, and vocations to the cloister were sadly few.⁶

⁶ "Nam primitus, quia nullum de sua propria gente nobilem ac liberum hominem, nisi infantes qui nihil boni digere, nec mali respicere pro teneritudine invalide etatis adhuc possunt, qui monasticam voluntarie vellet subire vitam, habebat: nimirum, quia per multa retroacta annorum curricula monastica vite desiderium ab illa tota gente, necnon et a multis aliis gentibus, funditus desierat" (Asser, an. 893).

Danish cruelty had only supervened to complete the decadence. "When Æthelred, Bishop of Winchester, . . . had come to Canterbury and had received the pallium and the dignity of Metropolitan from Pope Adrian, as soon as he was established in his see he saw with surprise the secular clergy joined with the monks in chanting office, and he thought of removing them forthwith. But when he was acquainted with the facts of the case he was only too glad to let things remain so till the return of peace and quiet. But the pagans traversing England in every direction spared no rank, or sex, or age. The churches they destroyed, the altars they overthrew, the monks and nuns they scattered in flight, and all things were given up to pillage and the flames. Towns and villages were sacked, and convents everywhere left empty. It thus befell that in the church of Canterbury, as in the rest, the clergy did not care to embrace the monastic life, or if they had embraced the same did not maintain it in due observance."⁷

Alfred's efforts to revive the religious spirit by an importation of abbots from the Continent were not immediately successful. It does not speak well for the pastoral zeal of the West Saxon clergy that among those who fled across sea in the gloomy months which preceded the triumph of Ethandune, ecclesiastics were conspicuous by their numbers. A good shepherd stays with his flock in the hour of danger, for then most of all they need his help, and a priest with the spirit of his calling is ever ready to face death rather than leave Christian men and women to die without absolution. There was large occasion for ecclesiastical reform in Wessex in the year of grace 878.

No man ever was less of a "Reformer" in the modern sense of the word than Alfred the Great. His relations with the "National Church" and his measures of Church improvement have been persistently misrepresented to English readers, not only in the mischievous and very wicked trash which is published in the name of religion with the almost avowed object of fostering no-Popery prejudice, and, more especially, of keeping away from the minds of children any early glimmerings of Catholic truth, not only in historical catechisms,⁸ and sancti-

⁷ *Actus Pontificum Cantuariensis ecclesie*. Auctore Gervasio Dorobernensi. Apud Twysden.

⁸ In such versions of history vice appears as virtue and virtue as vice. The instructors of youth who can teach without blushing that Edwy was the innocent victim of a fiendish old priest named Dunstan, are true to themselves, if to nothing else, when they dress up Alfred as a Protestant hero, defending by anticipation an English church-establishment against the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome.

monious magazines, but in the otherwise admirable writings of genuine historians, who bring to their task every qualification but one.⁹ The endless divisions and bewildering "variations" of reformed Christianity have blotted out the very idea of an imperishable Church from the minds of even thoughtful Protestants. Learned and able men, who can throw into secular research the full power of a well-balanced judgment, seem to lose the gift of discernment the moment they approach the uncongenial fact of the supernatural life of the Church Militant, inextricably woven as it is into human history, but all the time drawing its vitality from the unseen source of grace, belonging to another order of creation, to a kingdom not indeed of this world, but assuredly in this world with a palpable presence and an undeniable influence and activity. The Church of Jesus Christ, not as it is seen in parody in human and local institutions of yesterday, which are only a part of the machinery of civil government, but as it was, is, and ever shall be, unreformed, and, unless His word be false, irreformable, is a power in this world which must needs be taken into account by historians and economists, and which yet is very perplexing in its movements to those who do not know that it bears a charmed life, and having received a Divine commission to teach all nations cannot contradict itself, for the good reason that what God has once revealed is for ever true.

It is necessary to have a right idea of the jurisdiction claimed by the Church of Rome before it is possible to form a sound judgment about the subordination or independence of a national Church. Men would certainly lay themselves open to ridicule if they undertook to instruct others in any branch of purely human science without having been careful previously to master its terminology, but when things ecclesiastical, or theological, form the subject of discourse, this keen sense of the value of exact language is no longer manifest; and it is not too much to say that our very best Protestant historians have not thought it requisite, before forming their opinion about the extent to which the Saxon or British Church was independent of Rome, to ascertain precisely the difference between discipline and dogma, or between adherence to local traditions in liturgy, or ceremonial, and interruption of communion. Yet these things are radically different. Dogma

⁹ Men like Professor Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, the late Arthur Haddan, and—not Mr. Froude.

can never change from affirmation to negation, or conversely, although it can of course pass from being disputed to being defined; but discipline is for ever changing, so that what is permitted at one epoch is forbidden at another, what is permitted in one country is forbidden in another. National peculiarities of worship or administration are so far from necessarily implying insubordination that they have often been not only tolerated but recommended or enjoined by the Sovereign Pontiffs themselves.¹⁰ By anti-Catholic or simply non-Catholic authors, these vital distinctions are generally passed over in silence. Christian doctrine, Church government, Western discipline, are all commixed and commingled.¹¹ The British Church, or the Saxon Church, as the case may be, is introduced in the character of a national and independent establishment, and far too frequently the unsuspecting reader is left to suppose that the Church of England in early days was independent of foreign prelates, in pretty much the same way as the Church under Queen Victoria is independent of Pius the Ninth.¹² The truth is, that it cannot

¹⁰ "Secunda interrogatio Augustini. Cum una sit fides, cur sunt ecclesiarum diversa consuetudines, et altera consuetudo missarum in sancta Romana ecclesia et altera in Galliarum tenetur?"

"Respondit Gregorius Papa. Novit fraternitas tua Romana ecclesie consuetudinem in qua se meminit nutritam. Sed mihi placet sive in Romana sive in Galliarum seu in qualibet ecclesia aliquid invenisti quod plus omnipotenti Deo possit placere sollicite digas et in Anglorum ecclesia, quae adhuc ad fidem nova est, institutione præcipua quae de multis ecclesiis colligere potuisti infundas. Non enim pro locis res, sed pro bonis rebus loca, amanda sunt. Ex singulis ergo quibusque ecclesiis quae recta sunt dige, et hæc quasi in fasciculum collecta apud Anglorum mentes in consuetudinem deponere" (Ven. Bedæ, *Historia ecclesiastica gentis Anglorum*, lib. i. cap. xxvii.).

¹¹ Upon the confusion of ideas in which the figment of an early independent church establishment in England has its origin, consult *The Visible Unity of the Church*, by M. J. Rhodes. Longmans, 1870.

¹² "In England, alone in the West, a purely national church arose. One great error indeed was committed: the vernacular tongue did not become the language of public worship. The mistake was natural. It had occurred to no man to translate the Latin services, drawn up at a time when Latin was the universal language of the West, into those provincial dialects, the parents of the future Romance tongues, which were already growing up in Gaul and Spain. We should as soon think now of translating the Prayer Book into the dialects of Somersetshire or Yorkshire. Led thus to look on Latin as the one tongue of worship, as well as of literature and government, Augustine and his successors failed to see that Teutonic England stood in a wholly different position from Romanized Gaul and Spain. They failed to see that the same reasons which required that men should pray in Latin at Rome required that they should pray in English at Canterbury. The error was pardonable, but in its effects it was great. Still, though England had not vernacular services, she soon began to form a vernacular literature, sacred and profane, poetical and historical, to which no other nation of the West can supply a parallel. The English Church, reverencing Rome but not slavishly bowing down to her, grew up with a distinctly national character, and gradually infused its influence into all the feelings and habits

be shown that there was ever, in all the course of our early history, any cessation of communion between England or Scotland or Wales and Rome. Alfred from his childhood to the end of his life was Roman among the Romans.

He did not try to subject the Church to his own authority, or to change what had been approved in practice; but he did try, and very strenuously, to improve the education of the clergy and to make them more fit for their exalted duties. Herein, however, he felt a great difficulty at the outset. Who was he, that he should talk about learning and learned men? His own education had been lamentably insufficient. King, clergy, and people were all unlearned together, so the King resolved to begin with himself. He summoned to his aid four Mercians known to fame—Bishop Werfrith of Worcester, well versed in the Sacred Scriptures; Plegmund, a monk, afterwards raised to the Primacy; Athelstan and Werwulf, learned priests.

Not even then satisfied, the King sent accredited messengers to the Continent to procure professors. They captured for him Grimbold, Provost of St. Omer, and John the Old Saxon (not Erigena). Finally, Asser himself, upon his own showing, arrived from the far west of Britain, summoned to Court in flattering terms.¹³ Of the two priests, Athelstan and Werwulf, no further mention, sufficient for identification, is made. The other five did honour to the King's choice, and more than repaid his expectations. They deserve a few passing words of notice.

Bishop Werfrith was a man of very active mind. His name occurs in many public documents, for he was a trusted counsellor of both Ethelred of Mercia and Alfred. He was consecrated

of the English people. By the end of the seventh century, the independent, insular, Teutonic Church had become one of the brightest lights of the Christian firmament" (Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, ch. ii. sec. 2). Passages like this are likely to mislead, not by what is said, but by what is left unsaid. There is a sense in which they are true and a sense in which they are false. For want of a few simple distinctions they will be commonly understood in the sense in which they are false.

¹³ "*His temporibus ego quoque a rege advocatus de occiduus et ultimis Britannie finibus ad Saxoniam veni*" (Asser). Bromton says nothing of Asser, and makes John come from Wales instead. After speaking of the little portable book of psalms and prayers, he goes on to say that the King was imperfectly acquainted with grammar, because at that time no teacher of grammar was living in all the western kingdom. By the advice however of St. Neot, whom Alfred frequently visited (St. Neot was at this time in heaven), he founded public schools of the different arts at Oxford, and with the same intention the King, "the almsgiver, the Mass-hearer, the searcher into unknown things," called unto himself St. Grimbold, the monk, skilled in letters and sacred song, from the land of Gaul, and John, the monk, from the Monastery of St. David of Menevia, situated on the farthest confines of Wales (*Chronicon Johannis Bromton Abbatis Jormalensis*. Apud Twysden).

Bishop of Worcester by Ethelred, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 872, on Whit Sunday. He was an alumnus of the church of Worcester. To him belongs the glory of being the first Englishman who translated a Latin book into the mother tongue.¹⁴ By Alfred's orders he rendered St. Gregory's Dialogues "into the Saxon language with careful elegance." His administrative ability seems to have been as marked as his excellence of scholarship. As bishop he ruled under Burrhed, Ceolwulf of sad memory, and Ethelred, Alfred's son-in-law. He certainly looked well to the temporalities of Worcester, and was not bashful in demanding substantial favours from the Crown; but, before we accuse him of avarice, we ought to know how he spent his large revenues. Poor Ceolwulf, like the Robber-King of our day, had enough faith to make him unhappy in the thought of the punishments to come, and Werfrith, combining solicitude for the King's soul with a keen sense of his own duty to the Hwicci, bade him redeem his sins with alms.¹⁵ In the year 889, we find the Bishop of Worcester receiving a grant of land in London. The scribe who drew up the deed must have been one of the learned men of the revival, perhaps recently arrived at Court, certainly deeply impressed with the conviction that kings ought not to be permitted to use the language of ordinary mortals. "In the much-vexed and raging course of our present life, now that the world has reached its closing scene, the time of its gray hairs and failing strength, swift rolling mists of wickedness pass heavily athwart the earnest gaze of the reflective mind; or the dense clouds of dull neglect, with all gross exhalations of degrading vice, veil from many eyes the bright face of the sun of justice and exclude him from his own domain. Therefore it is needful in all cases for the sake alike of those now living and of those unborn, that all property acquired or hereditary, which by Catholic or famous men of various rank and authority has been dedicated to God and His saints in heaven above, should be in written characters certified by the witness and declaration of the donors themselves in an authentic

¹⁴ *De Latinitate primus in Saxoniam linguam* (Asser).

¹⁵ "In nomine sanctæ et individue Trinitatis! anno ejusdem incarnationis humane DCCCLXXV, indict. VII. Ego Ceolwulf gratiæ dei gratuita largiente rex Merciorum aliquid mihi in elemosinam donare præcogitavi, ut sempiternæ mercedis portionem acceptarem. Ideo rogatus a Werfritho antistite Hwiccorum et familia in Weogernacestre istam libertatem cum meorum omnium unanimo consensu episcoporum et principum ac etiam cunctorum optimatum nostræ gentis perpetualiter donavi, ut tota parochia Hwiccorum a pastu equorum regis et eorum qui eos ducunt absoluta et secunda permansisset" (Kemble, *Codex Diplom.* n. cccvi.).

document and duly scheduled by the notary (*caraxantis*). In the year, therefore, counting from the time when the life-giving pearl of heavenly lustre, lodged in the field of maiden purity, shone forth upon mankind with the beauty of the Spirit of God, desired of all . . . (A.D. 889) . . . I, Ælfred, King of the Angles and Saxons, and Æthelred, vassal-King of the Mercians . . . " The document bears the signatures of Alfred, Ethelred, Ethelfleda, Bishop Wulfred, Bishop Alhard, Bishop Werfrith, Bishop Dene-wulf, and Bishop Wulfrige.¹⁶ Werfrith died in the year 915.

It seems likely that he made no long stay at any one time at Alfred's Court, for he is not mentioned among the actual preceptors of the King, and the people of Worcester could ill spare their zealous Bishop. "These things," Alfred says in his letter to Wulfsige, given by William of Malmesbury, "I have learned from Plegmund my archbishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbald my Mass priest, and John my Mass priest."

Plegmund was "a very religious man, and eminent for his knowledge of Scripture." It is said that he had been living for some years as a hermit on "Chester Island," called by the natives in his honour, Plegmundesham,¹⁷ when Alfred invited him to take his part in the restoration of learning. Archbishop Ethelred died in the year 889, and Plegmund succeeded in the year 890, the year of Guthrum's death.¹⁸ He was twice, at the least, in Rome; once under Alfred, when he was consecrated by Pope Formosus, and received from him the pallium and full metropolitan powers, and again under Edward the Elder, when "he purchased the blessed martyr Blase with much money in gold and silver, and on his return to Canterbury deposited him in Christchurch there." "He consecrated, with Edward's approval, seven bishops in one day, to fill deserted sees, and others at other times; held councils as occasion required, and is said to have crowned King Edward at Kingston."

"After occupying the see of Canterbury thirty-four years, he died in a good old age, and was buried in Christchurch."¹⁹

¹⁶ See *Codex Diplom.* n. cccxvi.

¹⁷ "*Qui in Cestria insula quæ dicitur ab incolis Plegmundesham per annos plures heremiticam duxerat vitam*" (*Actus Pontificum*. Gervasio Dorobornensi auctore. Apud Twysden). Cestria was a later name for Chester, but where is Cestria insula? Is it, like Athelney, now dry land?

¹⁸ Florence of Worcester, an. 889; *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, an. 890. Gervase of Canterbury puts the death of Æthelred in 893, and says that the see was vacant for two years. It might well remain vacant when Hasting (893–895) was in those parts.

¹⁹ Gervas. Dorob. Apud Twysden. A grant by Alfred of an estate in Suffolk in 895 is interesting for its signatures. They are PLEGMUND, Archbishop of Canterbury;

Grimbald was "a priest and monk, a right venerable man, deeply versed in sacred chant, and exceedingly well instructed in all manner of ecclesiastical learning and in the Divine Scripture, and adorned with every virtue."²⁰ According to an old MS. in the Cottonian Library, quoted in Dugdale's *Monasticon*,²¹ he had been provost of St. Bertin's monastery when Alfred paid his visit to Pope Leo, in the year 853, and had made an indelible impression upon the mind of the young prince. It is an improbable story. Grimbald was in high esteem: but Fulk, Archbishop of Rheims, his superior, was willing to make some sacrifice in deference to King Alfred of England. Soon after his arrival, Alfred, according to his petition, promised to build for him a monastery at Winchester, but was prevented by death. Edward the Elder carried out his father's wishes, built the monastery, afterwards translated to Hyde, and made Grimbald the first abbot. The monks gave the holy man much trouble, but he died before he could effect the reformation which he contemplated.²²

Æthelbald, Archbishop of York; Æthelstan, Bishop of Hereford; Werbert, Bishop of Leicester; Tynebert, Bishop of Lichfield; Herefred, arch-priest of Worcester; Ælfstan, Bishop of London; DENEWULF, Bishop of Winchester; Ægelmer, arch-priest of Chichester; Eadred, arch-priest of Norwich; Harold, arch-priest of Dorchester; GRIMBALD the Priest; JOHN the Abbot; Eadred the Count; ÆTHELRED, Duke of the Gains; ÆLSWYTHA the Queen; ÆTHELRED, Duke of the Mercians (Kemble, *Codex Diplom.*). The word here translated "arch-priest" is in the original "minister," which may mean any cleric from a bishop to an ostiarius. A bishop often signed himself "minister."

²⁰ Asser.

²¹ Vol. ii. p. 435, Hyde Abbey.

²² The celebrated account of the dispute at Oxford in the time of Alfred, which occurs in Camden's edition of Asser, and which according to Camden was taken "ex optimo MS. Asserii exemplari," if not a forgery of the Elizabethan age, was certainly no part of the original text of Asser. The controversy about its genuineness became a faction fight between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for many years from the close of Elizabeth's reign. Accusations were freely made and retorted. Archbishop Parker was suspected of purposely suppressing the clause: Camden was suspected of knowing it to be worthless (See *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, Notes to Asser, p. 489). Asser is made to say that a virulent altercation began in 886 between Grimbald, supported by the learned men whom he took with him to Oxford, and the men of the old school whom he found there. The latter refused absolutely to accept his new code of discipline. The ill-feeling, after smouldering for three years, came to an explosion. Alfred, "that indomitable King," was called by Grimbald to his aid. He investigated the whole matter patiently. The "old scholastics" complained that the time-honoured traditions of Oxford had been lightly set aside. Before Grimbald came letters had flourished there, although it was true that just then by reason of the cruel wars students were less numerous than they had been. They proved upon the unquestioned authority of ancient annals that the local institutions had been sanctioned by learned and holy men, as, for example, by the saintly Gildas (a divo Gilda), Melkinus, Nennius, Kentigern, and others, who all pursued their

John, like Grimbold, was priest and monk, and moreover, "a man of keen intellect, and very learned in all literary exercises and well versed in many other kinds of knowledge." William of Malmesbury, upon very slender evidence, conjectures that Alfred's teacher was identical with John Scotus Erigena, and his conjecture has been adopted by several later writers. A portentous amount of anti-Catholic insinuation is founded upon that pure hypothesis. John Scotus, it is known, was under a cloud. His writings were on the index. Clearly, then, it is argued, this could be no crime in Alfred's eyes. Like a true Englishman, he defied the Pope, and selected for special honour a man who was not in favour at Rome, and he not only permitted him to teach his obnoxious doctrines in England without restriction or modification, but he even chose him by preference to be tutor to himself and his children, thereby lending all the weight of royal authority to a priest who had dared to assert the right of private judgment against the tyranny of Rome.²³ Alfred's preceptor was an Old Saxon; John Scotus Erigena was not. Alfred's preceptor was a priest, John Scotus Erigena was not.²⁴ If they both were alive at the same time, and if both were men of keen intellect, still, seeing that John is not an uncommon name, the same age might produce two men of the name of John, both clever. John, the Old Saxon, was made by Alfred the first abbot of Athelney, where wonderful things befell him, as will shortly be related.

Asser must tell his own tale.²⁵ Possibly personal vanity may

literary labours there to a good old age, and administered affairs in peace and happiness: St. Germanus, too, when he passed through Britain to put down the Pelagian heresy, had rested half a year at Oxford, and was loud in his praise of the institutes. The King heard both sides meekly, and having tried to pacify them, departed. Some were gained over to moderate counsels; but "Grimbold, much displeased, betook himself to the monastery lately founded by Alfred at Winchester:" he also revoked his intention of laying his bones in a vault under the chancel of St. Peter's Church in Oxford, "which church the same Grimbold had built from its foundations of most carefully polished stone." The date of the interpolation is doubtful, but the story is not worth disproving.

²³ A glance at the leading articles of the *Times* of the 14th of July, 1877, will show that this is not exaggeration.

²⁴ See Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, ch. xii.

²⁵ The genuineness of Asser's Life of Alfred was called in question by Mr. Thomas Wright in his *Biographia Britannica Literaria*. Lingard sufficiently answers the objections, and Dr. Pauli answers them over again with rather scanty allusion to his great predecessor. The importance of this inquiry is thus stated by Lingard.

²⁶ Now it should be remembered that it is on the work attributed to Asser that the

have caused him to ascribe to himself a greater influence with the King than he actually possessed ; but if Asser really lived and really wrote the biography, the main order of events must be correctly given, for he had every opportunity of finding out the truth, and if he had wished to deceive he would not have had the power to do so when he was narrating events which were passing under his readers' eyes, or were still fresh in the memory of all.

If, then, we can accept Asser's biography of Alfred as in the main the genuine work of one who was intimately acquainted with our great King, we must find in it, where the historian speaks of what his own eyes have seen and ears heard, many little touches of character or details of scenery which he who paints from the life throws in unconsciously. The account which Asser gives of his introduction to Alfred is very life-like. He tells us that, when he received the invitation to repair to Court, it was no easy matter to find the King ; but after traversing a considerable tract of country under the skilful guidance of the Saxon envoys, who had received the double charge of delivering the royal summons and of assisting its fulfilment, he arrived in safety at the royal residence of Dene (near Chichester), in Sussex, where Alfred at that particular moment happened to be. From the way in which he speaks of his journey into "Saxony," and of the "Saxon" names of places it is evident that he did not regard the King's messengers as a mere guard of honour, but that "Saxon guides" were indispensable, if not to his safety at least to his peace of mind. Alfred received him most graciously, and after some conversation asked him if he was willing to enter into his service and reside at his Court, assuring him that his worldly interests should not suffer by the expatriation. The cautious Welshman demanded time for consideration. He could not decide without consulting others who had a claim upon him ; for his own part and of his own free choice he could not consent for the sake of any sublunary advantages to abandon his much loved home in the holy places where he had been trained in learning

reputation of Alfred is founded. Destroy *its* credit, and *his* fame is gone. You may perhaps learn from others a few particulars respecting his life, and his perpetual struggle with the Danes for the independence of his country ; but it is to the pages of Asser alone that his panegyrists, both ancient and modern, resort for the leading traits in his character, his domestic policy, his ardour in the pursuit of learning, and his efforts for the improvement of his people" (*Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii. note N.).

and had received that grace in which his education culminated, the priesthood.²⁶

Then the King proposed a compromise. If the learned professor could not be spared by his countrymen for twelve months in the year, he might perhaps spend half his time in England and half in Wales, giving six precious months to each in turn. Not even this could be agreed to without deliberation. However, when he saw how anxious Alfred was to secure his services, though (as he innocently remarks) he could not imagine the reason of that anxiety, he engaged to present himself again at the end of six months from that date, when, after having consulted those whom it concerned, he would be able to give the King a well-considered answer. After four days at Court he set out on his return, but his ride came to an abrupt termination at Winchester, where he was seized by a virulent fever, which kept him between life and death for twelve months and a week.²⁷

A thousand years ago stage-coaches were as unthought of as railways; and news travelled, or did not travel, from county to county, according as men chanced to move about in the pursuit of business or pleasure. Asser could scarcely have left the presence of the King without some attendants to carry back the news of his indisposition, but if the grievous nature of his illness did not at once declare itself, he might have been unwilling either to detain them in Winchester, or to send any alarming message by them to the King, thinking that he could continue his journey very shortly with other guides. When, however, he had lingered long beyond the time appointed for his return Alfred became uneasy, and finding upon inquiry that his friend was at Winchester, he sent a letter to urge him to lose no time, and heard from him in return the very sufficient cause of his delay. Asser had meanwhile found means to communicate with his brethren of St. David's Church. They wished him to accept the place of honour offered to him, and they anticipated great advantage to their church and country

²⁶ *Injustum enim mihi videbatur, illa tam sancta loca, in quibus nutritus et doctus ac coronatus fueram atque ad ultimum ordinatus, pro aliquo terreno honore et potestate derelinquere nisi coactus et compulsus.* A good priest always cherishes the memory of the place where his first Mass was said.

²⁷ It seems at first incredible that an illustrious visitor to Alfred's Court could lie unnoticed on his sick-bed so long, within the distance of one or two counties from the King; but, even if the anecdote were declared to be a fiction, the difficulty would remain almost undiminished, for it would still be true that no one at the time when the assertion was first made saw in it any impossibility or incongruity.

from his friendship with one whom their own troublesome King Hemeid could not refuse to respect, seeing that he with the other kings of South Wales, Howel of Gleguising, Brocmail and Fernal of Gwent, and Helised of Brecon, had before this placed themselves under Alfred's protection to escape from the violence of Anaraut and his five brothers, the sons of King Rotri of Gwynnez (North Wales), who had leagued themselves with the Northumbrian Danes. After a time the sons of Rotri followed the example of their neighbours, and, deserting the unnatural alliance with the Pagans, from which nothing but vexation had accrued to themselves, agreed to do homage to Alfred on the same conditions as Ethelred of Mercia. Anaraut was received with open arms by Alfred, who became his godfather in Confirmation, and dismissed him with rich presents.

Hemeid had claimed the protection of Alfred, but the clergy of St. David's were glad to be protected against Hemeid, for he had a bad habit of plundering (*sæpe deprædebatur*) the monastery and church of St. David's, and of driving the Superiors away. Asser and a kinsman of his, Archbishop Novis,²⁸ had been thus summarily treated. None of those who had submitted to Alfred had reason to regret the step. Asser finally agreed to the six-monthly arrangement, and presented himself to Alfred at Leonaford. He was heartily welcomed and entered upon his tutorial duties at once, and for the eight months over which his first residence extended (for the King, often asked, would not give him permission to depart before), he read to him assiduously. "It is his peculiar and constant custom, by day and night, in spite of all moral and material hindrances, to read aloud, or make others do so." At last growing desperate, on Christmas Eve, Asser determined to extort leave of absence. Alfred handed him two letters in which was a minute inventory of all the goods belonging to the two monasteries of Amesbury²⁹ and Banwell. "On the same day he made over to me those two monasteries with everything in them, and he gave me a very costly silk mantle (pallium) and as much incense as a strong man could carry; adding that these little presents were only the first instalments of his gratitude. And in effect he subsequently gave me out of hand Exeter, with all its parish in Saxony and

²⁸ Asser, with the notes, *Monumenta Historia Britannica*.

²⁹ In MS. B. Cungresbury. Amesbury is in Wiltshire, Cungresbury and Banwell in Somersetshire (See *Mon. Hist. Brit.*).

Cornwall,³⁰ to say nothing of presents of every kind which he gave me day by day, which I forbear to enumerate for fear of wearying my readers. But let no man think that I have here made mention of these gifts from motives of vanity, for I declare before God that my desire has been to make known the King's liberality. Then forthwith he granted me permission to ride to these two richly endowed monasteries, and thence to my own people."³¹

Under the joint tuition of Asser, Grimbold, and the rest, the King's knowledge grew apace. We are not to suppose that because he is said to have begun "to read" at the age of thirty-eight,³² therefore he was unable before that time to decipher written documents, and looked upon the Roman alphabet as a collection of mysterious signs. In the very next sentence his biographer tells us of the little book which the King always carried about with him, containing the daily office, with other selected psalms and prayers, "which he had read in his youth." This may serve for a caution against a too rapid generalization about the actual degree of the ignorance which undoubtedly did to an alarming extent prevail to the south of the Thames.³³ Great allowance must be made for the fact that

³⁰ Lingard thinks that it was on this occasion that Asser became Bishop of Sherborne. "It is also certain that Asser was a bishop. . . . My own notion is, that when 'Exeter with all its parish in Saxony and Cornwall' was given to Asser, he became Bishop of the western portion of the diocese of Sherborne, which at that time reached to the Land's End—a partition which probably was made because the natives of Cornwall would more readily obey the authority of a Briton than of a Saxon. If we suppose that, on the death of Wulfsgie, Asser succeeded to the other portion of the diocese, we shall then explain why in the ancient catalogue, quoted by Mr. Wright, he is said to have succeeded Wulfsgie, and in the Saxon Chronicle to have died Bishop of Sherborne" (Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. ii. note N).

³¹ Alfred, we may presume, was only too glad at that time to put the vacant monasteries with their revenues into worthy hands. Asser could only have a life interest in them, and his superintendence would help to reinstate them. If the choice was between a lay proprietor and an ecclesiastic, Alfred was really preventing the secularization of Church property by handing it over to Asser's stewardship.

³² "*Eodem quoque anno (A.D. 887) saepe memoratus Ælfred Angul-Saxonum rex, divino instinctu, legere et interpretari simul uno eodemque die prinitus inchoavit*" (Asser).

³³ "*Ad eo funditus concidit apud gentem Anglicanam (sapientia et doctrina) ut paucissimi fuerint eis Humbrum, qui vel preces suas communes in sermone Anglico intelligere potuerunt [of course this is said of reading written prayers, not of saying prayers by heart], vel scriptum aliquod e Latino in Anglicum transferre: tam sane pauci fuerunt, ut ne unum quidem recordari possim ex australi parte Thamesis, tum cum ego regnare occiperam. . . . Cum itaque mecum considerabam quomodo isthac doctrina sermonis Latini, per omnem gentem Anglicanam antehoc obsolevisset (quamvis plurimi potuissent Anglica scripta legere, tum inter alia varia ac multiplicia negotia hujus regni capi librum hunc verterem*" (Alfred's Preface to his translation of the Pastoral of St. Gregory. Wise's Edition of Asser).

in the country two languages were employed. The written language was Latin, the spoken language was Anglo-Saxon. The works written in Anglo-Saxon before Alfred went systematically to work to create a literature for the country and to write books for the sake of writing them, were very easily counted. A few poems and prayers made up the number. It may without irreverence be said that Alfred set a stone rolling which has become a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. That Latin and English were interchangeable as written languages seems not to have entered the mind of any learned Saxon, until Alfred, truly blest in his ignorance, because it made him sympathize with the unlearned, struck out the bold idea for which he felt it necessary to apologize. In his opinion the scholars of earlier and brighter days could never have realized the melancholy truth that a day was coming upon England when Latin books would need translating in order to be understood. Latin had one assigned sphere, Anglo-Saxon another. If men aspired to read books, it was necessary for them to learn Latin. If they could not or did not acquire some knowledge of Latin, then books were not meant for them. Alfred broke down the wall of separation. The idea of reducing books of all languages into the vernacular is so familiar now that it requires some effort to go back in imagination to a time when it first flashed upon a great mind as an inspiration. Many simple perceptions which are now almost a part of human nature, and seem to spring up spontaneously in every mind, remained for long years unperceived; but when at length a master spirit thinks the happy thought it becomes public property at once.

Even in these days of books for the million, it is too much to demand of the population at large that it should be conversant with two languages at once; but the difficulty would be increased, not diminished, if one language were appropriated to literature and another to conversation. If all the books in the library of the British Museum were printed in German the reading-room would not be inconveniently crowded. Yet the German and English languages are on the same level of life, and do not represent different worlds of thought. Whereas, before Alfred's time the two languages which were used in England, not only were not on one level of life, but kept themselves as jealously apart as poetry and prose. The proposal to change a Latin book into an English book was

like a proposal to reduce the *In memoriam* of Tennyson to English of the letter-writing style.

When practice in the art of reading could only be attained in a "learned language," it was not so very scandalous if the people could not read. Moreover, as has been seen, the simple term "to read" was sometimes employed in the meaning of to read aloud to a critical audience and involved the study of elocution. First, then, when we hear it said that the mass of the people could not read we need not be shocked because they could hardly have been expected to read Latin, and there was very little else for them to read; secondly, when we hear that the clergy could not read well, we may more than half suspect that it means they were indifferent "Lectors;" and thirdly, when we hear that the King could not read and interpret, it is charitable to believe that he had not sufficiently mastered his Latin accidence, and as Bromton, already quoted, says of him, had not found time amid the troubles of his early reign to study the laws of intonation. It is certain at all events that he could read and write in the elementary sense of the words. How much more than this he could do with credit when the Reverend Fathers took his education in hand it is not easy to ascertain. The more ignorant he was the more honour he deserves for the transformation which his pious enthusiasm wrought in all classes. St. Ignatius at the age of thirty-three, sitting on the school benches with little boys to learn *amo, amas*, and persevering in spite of the frequent ecstasies of Divine love which that best known of verbs suggested, was only putting into practice with strong will his own great principle. Some knowledge of the Latin language was necessary to the attainment of the end proposed, and therefore at all costs Latin must be learned. Alfred had studied the same great principle at the same source of Christian inspiration and he also had a strong will. Latin was needful for his high purposes and no time was to be lost, for he was even older than St. Ignatius when "on one and the self-same day (A.D. 887) he first began to read and construe." It is deeply interesting to trace the first little efforts which lead to mighty results. Thus it fell out:

"When on a certain day we were sitting together in a room of the palace, conversing, as was our wont, upon anything and everything, it chanced that I read for him some observations from a book. He listened to them with all his ears and was turning

them over in his mind with deep attention, when suddenly he showed me a book which he carried about with him everywhere, containing the daily Office with sundry psalms and prayers which he had read in his youth, bidding me inscribe the extract therein. In these words I recognized a delicate compliment, and at the same time a strong inclination to the pursuit of Divine wisdom, and raising my hands towards heaven, I gave, silently of course, very great thanks to Almighty God Who had implanted in the breast of the King so strong a desire of wisdom; but as I found in the little book no blank space for the insertion of the said observations, since it was quite full of various matter, I delayed awhile, chiefly because I sought to stimulate the refined intelligence of the King to the acquirement of a deeper knowledge of Holy Writ. When, therefore, he urged me to lose no time in writing, I said to him: 'Would it meet your approval if I wrote that passage in a note-book by itself? For we cannot tell but that we may in like manner light upon another passage, or even several which might take your fancy. If that should happen unexpectedly, it will be a satisfaction to have put down this quotation in a separate note-book.' He said it was a good piece of advice. Whereupon with much delight I quickly prepared my copy book which was in readiness, and at the head thereof, acting under orders, I inscribed the passage, and before the day was over, as I had foreseen, I added by request three other extracts which had pleased the King; and from that time forward every day, as in the course of conversation and research, we found other not less admirable sayings, the note-book well stored continued to expand."³⁴

Alfred had felt so bitterly the deficiencies of his own early education, that he was determined to secure for his children a very different training. The ardour of his zeal for literature almost provokes a smile, when we read of the poor old judges who, under pain of dismissal from office, were required to go to work at their books till they sighed, as they thought what a pity it was that they had not acquired more knowledge in their youth, comparing their hard fate with the happy lot of the rising generation,³⁵ or perhaps, when Alfred was not near, wishing that he would leave them to die in blissful ignorance.

³⁴ Asser, an. 887.

³⁵ "*Felices arbitantes hujus temporis juvenes, qui liberalibus artibus feliciter erudiri poterant; se vero infelices existimantes, qui nec hoc in juventute didicerant; nec etiam in senectute, quamvis inhiante desiderarent, poterant discere*" (Asser).

Alfred built his first monastery at Athelney. The church was of remarkable construction, with four piers supporting the edifice, and four circular chancels surrounding it. More than any words, this choice, falling upon Athelney, reveals the leading thought in Alfred's mind, and the deep religiousness of his beautiful character. To God he owed his throne, his life, his revenues. To God's glory he had resolved to consecrate his power, his time, his wealth; and, that his purpose might be manifest, he made his first repayment on the spot, where the bounty of God, passing all weight and measure, had laid upon his soul a debt of gratitude which it was a joy to recognize. The form which his devotion assumed was the natural expression of his faith. He believed, according to Catholic instinct, which is always the same, that prayer is valuable for its own sake; and that money is usefully spent, if it enable certain men and women to give themselves without distraction of worldly cares to a life of contemplation. When those, whom God has called, strive by prayer and mortification to turn away His wrath from a sinful people, they only do what the saints have done in both the Old and the New Law. Their efforts are more really useful to their fellow creatures than the noisy activity of all those whose only care is to improve their fortune. But such a life is not for many. Vocations come from God. It seems that Alfred did not sufficiently understand the necessity of caution.

Asser tells a strange story of the first attempt to re-establish the monastic life. A motley set of monks had been collected from foreign parts, with more regard to the filling of the monastery than to the edification of the faithful, and John the Old Saxon was placed in command. Once upon a time (*quodam tempore*) a priest and a deacon, Frenchmen both, by secret jealousy embittered against their abbot, the aforesaid John, conspired like Judas to betray their master. They hired two servants, also Frenchmen, and directed them to arm themselves, and entering the church by night, when the monks were fast asleep there, having shut the door behind them, to await the approach of the abbot; for it was his wont to come alone to kneel and pray before the holy altar. The assassins were to seize their opportunity to rush upon him, kill him, and, adding calumny to murder, to contrive that he should seem to have deserved his fate. John came in quietly all alone in the middle of the night, and began his prayer; but when the ruffians darted from their ambush, he, "being ever quick of

apprehension, and, as some do say, not unskilled in warfare, though trained in a better school," sprang to his feet and grappled with them, crying out lustily, as indeed he well believed, that the devil was in the church. His monks ran to the rescue, the two original conspirators making great show of weeping with the rest to see the abbot lying wounded on the ground. John did not die. The assassins tried to hide themselves in the sedgy swamp, but were speedily captured, and with their advisers brought to justice.

The second religious foundation was at Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. Here Alfred built a nunnery and made his own daughter Æthelgiva the first abbess, for she had consecrated her virginity to God. In the same house were many other ladies of noble birth serving God in holy religion. The convent was dedicated by Alfred to our Blessed Lady,³⁶ but the title was afterwards changed.

A. G. K.

³⁶ Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 471. The grant of lands runs thus: "*Ego rex Aluredus, in honore Dei et sancta Mariæ Virginis et omnium sanctorum, dono et concedo vivens et in prosperitate adhuc vicens Sceptoniensi ecclesiæ centum hidas terræ. . . . Quicumque hæc auerit sit a Deo et sancta Maria Virgine et omnibus sanctis maledictus in æternum. Amen.*" It is not much to be wondered at if abbatial lands are not pleasant holding for lay proprietors.

The Story of a Scottish Martyr.

PART THE FIRST.

THE Church in Scotland has a history, between the year that Father John Ogilvie was born and the year he won his crown (1580—1615), which has some points of contact with the history of those days when the Christians made their altars and excavated the graves for their dead in the Catacombs. Evidence in support of this statement is to be had, stored up in the folios of Protestant writers. "The proceedings," wrote Pitcairn,¹ "adopted against the Roman Catholics and the Jesuits at different periods, after the Reformation in Scotland, form a prominent part in the ecclesiastical and political history of the country. . . . During the reign of King James, both before and after his accession to the English throne, seldom did a year pass without some rumours of fresh attempts of the Jesuits against his life, or against the religion, as by law established in England."

Several causes contributed towards the results stated by Pitcairn, of which the following may be mentioned as having been not the least influential. First, the number and the position of the Catholics in Scotland; second, the connections which they, as well as the Protestants, had made, the latter with their co-religionists in England and abroad, the former, especially at this period, with Spain; third, the conduct of James himself, who was no insignificant factor in the persecution, for he was to the Catholics arbitrary, ungrateful, and treacherous. "The accession of James indeed raised the hopes of the Catholics in England (Scotland) itself; he had intrigued for their support before the Queen's death, and their persecution was relaxed for a while after he had mounted the throne. But it soon began again, with even greater severity than of old, and six thousand Catholics were presented as recusants in a single

¹ *Criminal Trials*, vol. iii. p. 350.

year."² Fourth, there is to be added to the number of causes which brought about the condition of the Church in Scotland at this time—a state of cruel persecution—the struggle between the Kirk and prelacy for supremacy. Neither the one nor the other could hope to be supreme, so long as the Church stood, as she did, supported by not a few of the nobility, and having very many adherents among the people. Indeed her chances were anything but desperate of regaining the position she had been driven from, in 1560, by an Act which disestablished and proscribed her. Both the Kirk and prelacy, each in turn and now and then conjointly, laid violent hands on the Church. They showed themselves to be her enemies, not only by framing enactments against the Catholics, but also by calling into action dormant penal statutes.

That the Church in Scotland was a power, both before and after James became King of England, stands acknowledged by the forces which were put in motion against her. Besides, records prove it. "The Present State of the Nobility of Scotland in 1583,"³ gives the number of noblemen professing the Catholic religion as twelve; and "The Present State of the Nobility of Scotland in 1592," names thirteen Catholics. Add to these numbers the circumstance that Huntly, a Catholic, was the most powerful and extensive landowner in the realm; and certainly it must be admitted that so far as the nobility were concerned the Catholics were influential. Evidence is at hand which makes clear the fact that among the people the adherents of the ancient faith were so numerous as to form a body not to be contemned. Writing to Laurea, the Cardinal Protector of Scotland, Mary Stuart stated in 1586, "En ce pauvre royaume . . . je vous puis assurer qu'il reste encore un tres bon nombre de bien entires Catholiques, et mesme des principaux de la noblesse."⁴ Tytler confirms what Mary Queen of Scots wrote: "Nor was there any reason why this large and powerful body of men should despair of success, but rather the contrary. Ample proof of this may be found in a remarkable paper in the hand of Lord Burghley, written shortly before James' arrival from Denmark, and drawn up apparently for his own guidance, which brings forward, in clear contrast, the comparative strength of the Catholic and the Protestant parties in Scotland. From it we

² J. R. Green, *The Hist. People of England*, p. 463. Edition 1876.

³ *Miscellany*, Bannatyne Club, vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

⁴ Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 348.

learn that all the northern part of the kingdom, including the counties of Inverness, Caithness, Sutherland, and Aberdeen, with Moray and the sheriffdoms of Buchan, of Angus, of Warton, and of Nithsdale, were either wholly or for the greater part in the interest of the Roman Catholic party, commanded mostly by noblemen who secretly adhered to that faith.”⁵

How the numbers and the influence of the Catholics operated against them was, we believe, this: that being both numerous and influential they were, on that very account, hated. Their strength was their weakness. The sword which was once drawn against them must be either broken in defeat or hung up in victory.

And notably it was unfortunate for the Church that some leading Catholics in Scotland were connected with Spain, or indeed with any other continental power, at this period. If an anonymous work which is quoted often, namely, *Historie of King James the Sext*, is to be trusted, it would appear that about 1588 and 1589 Colonel Semple and Lord Maxwell returned to Scotland from Spain. In connection with this event—at any rate about the time it happened—there was detected a secret correspondence between some leading Catholics in Scotland and abroad. If not as a consequence of such a discovery, certainly at this very time the kingdom was alarmed. “A solemn fast,” wrote Calderwood, “was kept about the end of October, 1589, which continued three Sabbath days, wherewith was joined the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. Thanks were given to God for that notable delivery from invasion, attempted by the cruel Spaniards. Notwithstanding that the Lord had manifested the year preceeding by the overthrow of the Spanish Armada, what care He had of His poor Kirk in this isle, yet did the enemies of the truth continue still in their despiht and malice. Sundrie trafficking Jesuits, Seminary priests, and other emissaries of Antichrist, creeping into this country, ceased not to pervert the people in sundrie parts, namely in the north and the south, whereupon dangerous effects were like to follow. Therefore the most vigilant of the ministrie, warning and moving others, as the custom of the Kirk of Scotland was from the beginning, convened at Edinburgh in the month of January, 1589, and gave into the King and Councel the petitions following:

“That it may please his Highness to forbear, in time to come, to interpose his privie letters or discharges to the Kirk,

⁵ *History of Scotland*, vol. ix. pp. 39, 40.

for staying of their proceedings with their censures against Papists, when so they cannot be reclaimed by lawful admonitions.

"That Commissioners may be directed to some special persons of his Highness' Council, best affected and of greatest power, to search, seek and apprehend and persecute to justice all Jesuits and other privat or publick seducers of his Highness' lieges, and that the said Commissioners be instantly named, and a day be appointed to report their diligence in that behalf."⁶

The Kirk meant work. A close search was to be made all over the country for both "privat" and "publick" "seducers," all of whom were to be "persecuted to justice." At this very time a packet of letters was found on the person of Colonel Semple's man-servant, Pringle. Elizabeth sent those letters to James on February 17, 1589. They were written in cipher. One of them, it is said, was addressed to the King of Spain, and bore the signatures of Huntly, Morton, *alias* Maxwell, and Claude Hamilton. Elizabeth called on James to apprehend "trafficking Papists" suddenly. This is a significant word; there is a world of meaning in *suddenly*.

Three years afterwards, namely, in 1592, a vigilance committee (to use a modern phrase) was formed in Edinburgh. Its duty was this, to look sedulously after the interests of the Kirk. Calderwood expresses its work, shows its office in this sentence: "Providere in omnibus, ne quid Ecclesiæ detrimenti capiat," which, turned into its equivalent—not in words, but in acts—implied the enforcing against the Catholics of all, even obsolete penal enactments. Yet more: a number of social indignities were heaped on the faithful. The historian of the Kirk lets it be known what those indignities were. "Weapon-showings were to be made, and the country to be convened upon all occasions needful for the defence of the true religion."⁷ The reflection made by Calderwood on those "Weapon-shows," and the arming of Protestant neighbours against Catholic ones at the mere whim and fancy of zealots reveals how vexatious and exasperating such displays must have been. "The reader," he wrote, "may perceive how vigilant the ministers were, and careful to suppress and overthrow the plots and machinations of Papists seeking the overthrow of religion."

Another batch of letters was brought to light. George Kerr, a Catholic gentleman, was apprehended December 17, 1592.

⁶ *History*, p. 227.

⁷ Calderwood, *ad annum* 1592, p. 272.

He had embarked for Spain at Fairlie, the modern watering-place on the Ayrshire coast, but was overtaken at the Cumbrae islands. A packet of letters, afterwards called the "Spanish Blanks," was found in his custody. This discovery, taken along with the letters, found on the person of the man Pringle, served a purpose. Persecution thereby was not suffered to be remiss in its efforts to crush the Church. And here, at this stage of our narrative, it may not be inappropriate to insert a passage written by one of the latest historians, bearing directly on the documents known by the name of the "Spanish Blanks." "In the same year, 1592, occurred the incident called the 'Spanish Blanks,' which disturbed the zealous Presbyterian party to an extent not easily realized by looking at the scanty materials by which it was produced. But, in fact, it was the mystery excited by imperfect evidence that created suspicion and terror. It was suspected that a man named Kerr who was leaving Scotland by the west coast had dangerous documents in his custody. The minister of Paisley, hearing of this, gathered some sturdy parishioners, who seized and searched Kerr. They took from him eight papers called the 'Spanish Blanks.' Each had on it the concluding courtesies of a letter addressed to royalty: 'De vostre Majestie tres humble et tres obesant serviteur,' and was followed by one or more signatures. Otherwise those slips of paper had no designation on the back, nor declaration of the causes for which they were sent, but blank and white paper on both sides, except the said subscriptions. . . . Such efforts as availed to the chemistry of the age were made to reveal any writing with sympathetic ink above the subscriptions, but with no result. . . . Several letters of alarming import were found at the same time. Those documents have come to us in a manifesto or explanatory pamphlet, 'printed and published at the special command of the King's Majesty.' King James was at that time paying his addresses without much success to the zealous Presbyterians, and in the tone of those letters there is a suspicious tendency towards the revelation of terrible dangers escaped through the vigilance of the Government."⁸ Both the letters found on Colonel Semple's servant and the "Spanish Blanks" served the purpose of the King and the Kirk, let those documents be genuine or the reverse. They raised a very storm of unpopularity against the Catholics.

⁸ Hill Burton, v. 291. Edit. 1873

Despite their good intentions, their intercourse with Spain at that time did not serve the cause which the leaders of the Catholic party had at heart. It was, however, the fashion of the age to look abroad for support, which was not to be had at home: hence the Protestants of Scotland, even before this period, were in communication with their co-religionists in England. The consequences of such relation—on both the Catholic and Protestant sides, were adverse to the interests of the Church. They were adverse to the interests of the Church in this respect, without taking into account others, that thereby the Catholic cause was mixed up with political intrigues. Now-a-days, as well as then, that cause is not a national one: its aims are not secular. The Church is not Spanish or Scottish, she belongs to the nations of the earth; hence she is Catholic in name and in mission. Her name and mission are all the same, and must be unchanged, whether Hanoverian, Stuart, or Bourbon reign or fall from their estate. She lives under all forms of government: her lot is cast in with republics, monarchies, and empires, yet all the while she is not republican, monarchical, or imperial.

The Kirk at this period, 1595, was supreme.⁹ For three months its power was felt in every homestead in Scotland. It was empowered to "plant a wise pastor" in any house in the kingdom. Persecution had not, perhaps, ever assumed so vexatious a form as that of "planting wise pastors" in the houses of those people deemed by the Presbytery worthy of such attention. "Perhaps this arrangement does not belong to the class of acts universally admitted to amount to persecution. And yet there are tortures attributed to the Inquisition which some men would rather endure than this scheme, dooming them and their families to be ever haunted by a pragmatical priest of a hostile Church, armed with powers of exhortation, inquisition and rebuke."¹⁰

The Kirk had its day.

Prelacy came to the front in 1606. Bent on securing supremacy it was as merciless as the Kirk. Not an hour, so to say, was lost in making this known. James Law, Bishop of Orkney, the very year prelacy came into power, laid before the King a petition and an "Act" from "the Constant Moderators" against the "insolent" Papists. That petition bore the signature of every member of the assembly. The

⁹ Calderwood, *ad annum*.

¹⁰ Hill Burton, v. 303. Edit. 1873.

King's answer was couched in these words: He would have called before the council, the Bishop of the diocese, the Moderator of the Presbytery and the minister of the parish being present and inquired concerning their (the Catholics') behaviour, and whether they did resort or not ordinarily to sermons, wherein they should be tried to have transgressed, his pleasure was that they should be confined within so many miles compass, as are distant betwixt the houses of their residence and the city, wherein it was desired that they should be confined to the end . . . to resort to the city or town designed for their instruction, where they should be tied to stay ten days together, and during their stay hear sermons, admit conferences, and forbear the company of Jesuits, seminary priests, and others of that persuasion."¹¹ The Catholics aimed at, provided for spiritually by the above royal decree, were noblemen! It is not to be supposed that the Catholics of lower degrees were neglected. They were not indeed. Two years after that decree had been issued, in 1608, James had the following proposals laid before him:

1. That his Majesty be entreated not to permit any Papist, or suspected of Popery to bear charge in council, session, or in any burgh or city; and where his Majesty did know any such to occupy those places, that order be taken for their removal.

2. That the laws made against Papists should receive execution, and no favour be granted unto them by the officers of State, with a prohibition to the council to meddle in affairs ecclesiastical, or to discharge the processes led by ministers against Papists, and other contemnners of Church discipline.

3. That Papists abjuring their religion in hope of preferment to offices of State, should not be admitted thereto till they had given five years' probation at least.

4. That the sons of noblemen professing Popery should be committed to the custody of their friends as are sound in religion.

5. That a commission should be granted to every Bishop in his diocese, and to such well affected noblemen, barons, and gentlemen as the commissioners of the assembly should nominate, for apprehending of Jesuits, seminary priests, excommunicated Papists, and traffiquers against religion.

6. That the searchers of ships should seize upon all books that are brought into the country, and present them to the ministers of the town where the ships shall happen to arrive.

7. That excommunicated Papists be put in close prison and none have access to them but such as are known to be of sound religion.¹²

¹¹ Spottiswood, 1608, p. 502.

¹² Spottiswood, *ad amum*, 1608.

In 1611 the Earl of Dunbar died. "His death," wrote Spottiswood, made a great change in our estate."

The prospects of the Church about that period became brighter. There was then a revival of ancient customs. Easter-tide and Christmas were observed. The so-called Lord's Supper was administered on Easter Sunday, and the Yule Log blazed in ancestral mansions. In the middle of the same year, three painters were employed in painting crucifixes in almost every house in Glasgow.¹³

Converts were received in goodly numbers and apostates were frequently reconciled to the Church.

It was about this time Father John Ogilvie came to the front.

The Ogilvie's distinguished themselves by loyalty to the Bruce and the Stuarts. Gilbert, the ancestor of the "bonnie house of Airlie" was gifted by William the Lyon in 1163, with the Barony of Ogilvie in Forfarshire—hence, the name of the Clan.¹⁴ The most steadfast adherent of Robert the Bruce, in his chequered career, was Patrick de Ogilby, a Forfarshire Knight. The ancient ballad of the Battle of Harlaw, fought in 1411 styles an Ogilvy:

The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy.
and sets forth his virtues in these lines—

The best among them was
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equity,
For faith and magnanimity,
He had few fellows in the field.
Yet, fell by fatal destiny,
For he wad nae grant to yeild.

¹³ Julii 8, 1612. Qulk doy compereit George Scott, painter, . . . accused quhy he painted the crucifix in many houses of the . . . qlk is liklie to breid one corruptio and to turne the heartes of the ignorant to idolatrie and to mak them beleve that thair houses cannot be happie or blessed bot yr the Crucifix is : the same George confessit and promiset not to do it in tymes coming and straitlie inhibit be ye presbyterie under the paine of ye censures of the Kirk. As also the said George complainit of other two painters who were keepit secretlie in the houses of the towne who painted the same almost in everie house. The Presbyterie ordaines them to be sommondit befor the Sessions of Glasgow to be trytt and the names of the houses to be gevin up qv in the Crucifix is, to be taine ordour wt. Julii 29, 1612. Qlk daye the Presbyterie gives commissiune to Mr. P— Sharpe, Mr. Thone Bell, Mr. Andro Boyde, Mr. Archibald Glen to go to the Provost and ballies of the towne of Glasgow to desire them to tak ordour wt. the two painters that the two painters that were secretlie keepit in ye houses of Glasgow painting Crucifixes.—Extracts from the Record of the Presbytery of Glasgow.

¹⁴ Anderson, vol. iii.

Not only in the ages of chivalry, but down into the Reformation times the name of Ogilvie¹⁵ is met with in public records—is linked with noble deeds. The Brechin register¹⁶ shows that Alexander (Protestant) Bishop of Brechin confirmed the grant made by Alexander Ogilvie, Easter Drum, to his eldest son by his wife, Agnes Edmonstone, in 1591. And in the same year, 1591, George Ogilvie, son of Alexander Drummis, was acknowledged a relative of James, Lord Ogilvie.¹⁷ William Ogilvie had the honour of being singled out, in 1593, "as a trafficking Papist, an unnatural and rebellious subject," along with Huntly, Angus, Errol, and others.¹⁸ Alexander Ogilvie, a young Knight of great promise, was with the gallant Montrose at Philiphaugh.¹⁹ He was taken prisoner on the field and executed in Glasgow in 1646. O'Callaghan²⁰ mentions Captain Ogilvie, who fought with the Stuart at the Boyne. He was the author of the Jacobite song—

It was a' for our rightful King
We left fair Scotland's strand.

It is said he was one of the hundred gentlemen who followed James II. into exile. He died, it is supposed, in battle on the banks of the Rhine.²¹ Thomas Ogilvie's daughter, in 1691, received the veil in the English Convent, near the Scots' College, Paris. She was twice Abbess, and was called in religion Sister Mary Genevieve. The Queen of Great Britain took part in the service the day she was 'professed.'²²

From this Clan, renowned in arms and in song, Father John Ogilvie, the martyr was descended.

He was born in the north of Scotland²³ about the year 1580. 1580 is, presumably, the year he was born; for in 1614 he declared, in Glasgow, that he had been out of Scotland twenty-two years, and at his death—March 10, 1615—he was about thirty-four years old.

The chronology of his life, with one or two circumstances thereof is given here. We by no means vouch for its accuracy; but in some particulars it is confirmed by Father John Ogilvie's own declaration: and thus, on that account, it is more or less reliable.

¹⁵ There are three forms of the name: Ogilby, Ogilvy, Ogilvie.

¹⁶ *Registerium Brechinense*, vol. ii.

¹⁷ Pitcairn ii. *Criminal Trials*.

¹⁸ Calderwood, *True History*, ad annum.

¹⁹ Anderson iii., 1874.

²⁰ Green Book, New York.

²¹ Anderson, iii., 1874.

²² Gallery, F. P. Glasgow.

²³ *Relatio Incarcerationis*, &c., Douay 1615.

Father John Ogilvie, born	1580.
abroad	1592.
at Louvain.	1596.
a novice	1597.
at Ratisbon	1598.
Moravia	1600.
at Olmutz	1605.
at Gratz	1607.
at Rouen	1612.
at Paris	1613.

Father John Crichton, Rector of Louvain, was obliged to reduce the number of students under his care for want of funds: hence, it is stated that young Ogilvie was sent to Ratisbon in 1598. It was at Gratz that he studied theology; and in 1613 he was ordained priest at Paris. The martyr's own "Deposition" fits in with some of these particulars; it runs thus:

"The Priest being enquiryt quhat hes name wes, he nameit him self Johnne Ogilbie, sone to Walter Ogilbie of Drum: and that he hes bein out of his countraye thir twentye-twa yeirs: and that he studiet in ye colledgis of Olmis and Graitis: and remanit in Olmis twa yeirs, and in Graitis fyve yeirs: and he hes ressauit ye ordoor of Priesthud in Paris."²⁴

After an absence of twenty years and more, Father Ogilvie returned to Scotland, Martinmas 1613, accompanied by two priests, namely, Father James Moffet, S.J. and Friar John Campbell, Capuchin. The three missionaries travelled under assumed names, Father Ogilvie's being Watson, Father Moffet's Halyburton, and Friar Campbell's Sinclair. The Government had spies scattered over the Continent, whose business it was to pick up in Rome, Valladolid, and other places, information about the priests and seminarists destined for the home missions. The information thus obtained was forwarded to the searchers of ships hailing from foreign parts; and in consequence priests were, now and then, apprehended in the act of landing. It was not optional; it was necessary, under such circumstances, that the missionaries should, in some way, disguise themselves. The disguise assumed by Father Ogilvie in coming into the country, so far as the name went, was not an impenetrable one, for he was Watson—a Scottish surname which means the son of Walter, and Walter was the martyr's father's Christian name. The missionaries separated on their

²⁴ Pitcairn, *Criminal Trials*, vol. iii. p. 353.

arrival in their native land. Father Ogilvie went to the north;²⁵ Friar Campbell to Edinburgh; and Father Moffet moved about the Western Lowlands, and after some months betook himself to the Eastern Counties. Just about one year after his landing in Scotland he was apprehended in St. Andrew's, on the charge of being a Mass priest, by Mr. Alexander Glaidstones, the son of the Archbishop of that city. On December 10, 1614, he appeared before the Lords of Secret Council and was shut up a close prisoner in Edinburgh Castle.²⁶ Father Ogilvie spent six weeks in the North.²⁷ A little before Easter Sunday which that year fell on March 30, he was in England on his way to London. He was two months at Court; and it would appear he had in hand some important business, the nature of which is not known, but probably it is in the keeping of the State Paper Office. On his own authority we are led to believe he had done the King a service, and perhaps his residence at Court was in connection with that transaction. Anyhow James made him no return; and this is not to be wondered at, for he was not a grateful man.

Many Scotsmen followed the Stuart into England. They crossed the Borders, not as of old, with fire and sword, but peacefully, in quest of fortune and distinction. They stood, of course, on the sunny side of the throne; yet James, now and then, turned against the Northerners, and issued an order that they were to be turned back when found either by land or sea on their way to England. Among the Scotsmen at Court there was one with whom Father Ogilvie had much intercourse, he was Sir James Kneiland of Monkland, an estate near Glasgow. Monkland was one of the very few spots in the Western Lowlands where, even so recently as Bishop Hays' days, some of the faithful could trace up their relationship with the Catholics of the pre-Reformation era. Father Ogilvie and Sir James Kneiland travelled together on their homeward journey.

It was in August, 1614, it is said, Father Ogilvie ventured into Glasgow. Such a step was indeed a venture fraught with peril; for Spottiswood was then the so-called Archbishop of that city—and in saying this, much is said. Although John Spottiswood had eminent abilities—shown by his History and other writings—yet withal he was one of the fiercest bigots in

²⁵ *Relatio Incarcerationis*, &c. Douay, 1615. ²⁶ Calderwood, vol. vii. Woodrow Edit.

²⁷ Pitcairn, iii. "Sex onkis or thairty." Jesuits' Depositions.

the kingdom. He was, besides, a sycophant and a debauchee. Indeed, the prelates of the Reformed Church of Scotland at that period did no credit to their lawn; for excepting one or so of them, and they were thirteen in number, their characters could not bear scrutiny. The satirists of the day held them up to public reprobation; and as an instance of this statement we insert here some verses which were scattered about the public places of Edinburgh.

Vina amat Andreas, cum vino Glascua amores
Ros cætus, ludos Galva, Brichæus opes :
Aulam Orcas, ollum Moravus, parat Insula fraudes
Dumblanus tricas, nomen Aberdonius,
Fata Caledonius fraterni ruminat agri,
Rarus avis parochos, O Cataneæ, tuos.
Solutus in Argadiis præsul meritissimus ovīs,
Vera ministerii symbola solus habes.²⁸

Spottiswood held supreme sway in Glasgow both as prelate and magistrate. He held his own court and had his own officials; and what is more, he divided with the Crown jurisdiction in temporals, his share and that of the King's in such concerns being respectively designated the Royalty and the Regality of the city. The prospect which opened at that time of a change for the better in the fortunes of the ancient faith would not, it is reasonable to suppose, render the Archiepiscopal magistrate less hostile towards the Catholics; on the contrary, he would, on that account, be the more urgent in working the agencies at his command against the progress of the Church. And this is not altogether a surmise. He had the reputation of being most anxious to rise in the royal favour, and what speedier means could he use than by approving himself an earnest promoter of Prelacy? It was, we repeat, a perilous adventure Father Ogilvie embarked in when he passed into the City of Glasgow—in doing so, it may be said of him, that he carried his life in his hand.

It would have been foolhardy if he had not worn a disguise in Glasgow, and indeed everywhere that he had to appear. The clerical dress was out of the question. The dress Father Ogilvie wore, at any rate on two occasions, was a soldier's, one not out of keeping with a son of Ignatius Loyola. This circumstance came out in the trial of Sir James Kneilland, who stood charged with having received and given hospitality to Father Ogilvie. "Sir James Kneilland being accused of having

²⁸ Calderwood, vol. vii.

received and entertained John Ogilvie, priest, in his house, said he did not know him to be a Jesuit, but he said to him that he was a sojer (soldier), . . . and that he came to him like a sojer, with Capt. Donaldson and ane number of sojers."²⁰

We know from his own pen an interesting particular of his life in Glasgow. It is not much in itself, but as we cannot have too much information about the heroic servants of God, and on the saying that "a little chink lets in much light," such seemingly small matters as the one we give will help in some way to disclose the character of the martyr. "Before I was captured I used to say my breviary at night in the heretics' houses when I was obliged to stay the night. A certain person who had noticed me whispering in a low tone and lighting a wax candle, gives out that I was a magician."²⁰

August and October—only a quarter of a year, mark off the limits of Father Ogilvie's missionary career in and about the city where he died a martyr's death. He came and went during those months, on mission duties, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. In Edinburgh it is known that he said Mass several times. He lodged in Robert Cruikshank's inn: and said Mass in Robert Wilkie's house in the Cannongate. His labours were markedly successful in Glasgow—more so there than anywhere else. Here he found "a kinder receipt" than he had looked for; for there he received "sundrie young men" and many persons "of the better sorte."²¹ How true this statement is, is well borne out by names of the persons who were, beyond question, among his flock. The records of the proceedings which were taken against him, and in some cases against those persons for having entertained him and assisted at his Masses, give their names. Those documents show the following to have been in communication with him as a priest: Earl of Eglinton, Lady Maxwell, Sir James Kneiland of Monkland, David Maxwell brother of Newark, William Maxwell of Cowglen, John Wallace of Corsflat, Mr. John Mayne,²² some members of the Forret family, Marion Walker²³ and servant,

²⁰ *Illustrative Notes*. Bannatyne Club, 171.

²⁰ *Imprisonment*, p. 15.

²¹ Calderwood.

²² Mr. John Mayne, a very trusted friend to whom Father Ogilvie gave letters and MSS. which were published at Douay, July, 1615, and translated by Father Chas. J. Karlake, S.J.

²³ This lady, ten years previous to Father Ogilvie's arrival in Glasgow, was summoned before the Presbytery charged with having a crucifix painted on a board in her house (*Miscellany, Maitland Club*). It was in her house Father Ogilvie said Mass (*Pitcairn iii. Depositions of Jesuits and Papists*).

Robert Heygate,³⁴ merchant, Andrew Symmer, James Stewart, William Monteith, Matthew Adam, William Sinclair, advocate, and Robert Ury, writer, Paisley.³⁵

Treachery was at work. On Tuesday the 14th of October (4th O.S.), a little after four o'clock in the afternoon, Father Ogilvie was seized by one of the Archbishop's men in the place of public resort.³⁶

Who was the traitor? That there was one is certain: the martyr's own description of his apprehension makes it evident. He wrote, that on a sign being given by the traitor, he was seized. And it would appear from the Archbishop's letter addressed to the King that a reward had been promised to the man who should make a prisoner of the Jesuit.

Who was that man? Suspicion rests on one of the Forrets.³⁷

³⁴ Robert Heygate, merchant, a zealous Catholic. He used to serve Father Ogilvie's Mass.

³⁵ Paisley, after the Reformation, was called "a nest of Papists." A note in Hill Burton's *The History of Scotland*, states that the faithful of that town made their confessions "in graveyards, lime-kilns, and midden-steads!"

³⁶ "Circa horam quartam pomeridianam cum Prætoris primogenito in Foro ambulo: accurrit interim Archiepiscopi famulus signo a proditore dato, vir familia nobilis, et viribus fortis, qui me jubet ad Milordum ire" (*Relatio Incarcerationis*, p. 7).

³⁷ James Forret, on his examination, craved God's forgiveness for having abjured Protestantism, and Thomas Forret declared that the sight of the Mass made him despise the Catholic religion (Pitcairn, iii. Depositions of Papists and Jesuits). The motive of the traitor, whoever he was, was like himself a base one: all traitors are base. The motive in this instance *was* a mean one—it was the poet's *cursed hunger of gold*. This comes out in the following letter, the words of which are modernized—"Mr. John Murray, of Lochmaben, of his Majesty's Bed Chamber. From the Privy Council. . . . Right Assured Friend,—In the letter we have sent to his Majesty we referred two particulars to be made for apprehending some Jesuits and massing priests, and presenting them to the Council. The offer was made of four, but now one of them is dead. — took sick in the Laird of Gicht's house, and was carried forth to one of his tenants and buried secretly. The rest live in the country, and were never more busy than at this present. The gentleman is ready to undertake their apprehension, upon security of reward. But without this, will not hazard for any promise (that) can be given him. The Archbishop of Glasgow told us from his Majesty that the man should be surely rewarded, according as his service would be found worthy. But to indent for every man upon one particular sum beforehand could not be expedient, and might turn to the prejudice of him that served, seeing he might fall upon one that is worth ten thousand pounds, yet this moves him not. We have asked, we mean such of us as he travels with in this affair, what the men are, alleging they might be so vile bodies as it might fall his Majesty would not count them worth. His answer is that they are men of all good account as any of that sort, and says that when he has apprehended them he will furnish probation of their receipt (reset) and entertainment in noblemen and gentlemen's houses, who by the law will be punishable, and will be glad to (compone) compromise for their remission to a far greater sum than he craves for, which—that so good an occasion be not lost, whereof we do not understand what may be the event, and that his Majesty be not put to greater charges than is needful—we have thought that it shall be good his Majesty command the Treasurer-

Not any description of what befell the martyr immediately after his seizure can excel his own one. "At a sign," he wrote, "given by my betrayer,²⁸ there runs up to me a servant of the Archbishop, a man of good family and stalwart withal, and orders me off to his lordship. Imagining that I was called to the sheriff, the grandson of the traitor (as we had arranged), I said that I would willingly go, and accordingly turned back for the purpose. But the son of the magistrate was unwilling to part with me" (the son of the magistrate was the gentleman he was out walking with), "and insisted on my first going to his house, although the other man opposed it. Whilst, however, I am amicably arranging the dispute between the two, there is a concourse of town officers and citizens. They seize my sword, and begin pushing me and pulling me about. I inquire what harm I was doing, and whether they were quite in their right senses? I said that the others were quarrelling amongst themselves, and that I had nothing to do with it. No need for a long story. I am lifted up by the united rush of the gathering crowd, and almost borne away on their shoulders to the house of the magistrate. They snatch away my cloak; I said that I would not stir a step without my cloak, and thereupon somebody promised me his; but I wanted my own, and at last got it away from them. I protested against the barbarity of the angry crowd, and promised them that every one should one day know how barbarously they had treated me when I was doing no harm to any one, and that without any form of law taken out, or any cause assigned. Whilst this was going on, the Bishop, who was in another part of the city, is told that those whom he had sent to me had been killed, that a general slaughter was taking place, and that the city was in arms. As soon as he heard this statement, he assembled the²⁹ lairds and barons who happened to be at that time in the city, and came with them in a body into the street. He saw that everything was quiet there, and inquired where I was. It was night by this time. They told him that I was in the house of the magistrate, that day elected. Thither he hastened with his whole company,

Deputy to confer with the gentleman and give him security of that which he craves, the service being done, and he making good the receipt (resset) which he offers to qualify. For this way the penalties of their entertaining will resound much (more?) than is craved" (No 9, MS. Advocates' Library, A2, 53).

²⁸ *An Authentic Account*, &c. translated by Father Charles J. Karslake, S.J.

²⁹ See Archbishop's letter to the King, *infra*.

and called me out as I was sitting between the table and the wall. I obey, and he strikes me a blow,⁴⁰ and says, 'You were an over insolent fellow to say your Masses in a reformed city.' I reply: 'You do not act like a bishop, but like an executioner in striking me.' Then, as though the signal had been thus given them, they shower their blows from all sides upon me, the hair is plucked from my beard, my face is torn with their nails, until Count Fleming restrains those who were striking me by his authority, and by main force. Then, whilst my senses had barely returned from the stunning effect of so many blows on my head, I am commanded to be stript. Some men there immediately obeyed the order, untying the strings and unbuttoning the buttons of my clothes; but when they are on the point of pulling off my shirt, very shame brought me back to my senses, and I cried out to know what such wanton insolence was for."⁴¹

Father Ogilvie was cast into prison that night. Meantime Spottiswood doubtless prepared the following letter, which was sent off to the King the day after the seizure. We have modernized the spelling.

Most sacred and gracious Sovereign,—It has pleased God to cast into my hands a Jesuit that calls himself Ogilvie. He came to this city and said some Masses, at which we have tried eight of our burgesses to being present. He was busy in perverting some others that went too far with him, for some of them presumed to resist my servants in his apprehension. Himself will answer nothing that serves for discovering his traffic in the country, that appears to be great. My Lord Kilsyth was here by good chance at his examination and the rest of his partakers, and has helped much in their confessions. The copy of them I have sent to the Secretary, who I trust shall send it up in the packet.⁴² In his budget (portmanteau) we have found his vestments and other furniture for the Mass, with some books and relics of St. Ignatius, St. Margaret, St. Catharine, and other saints. Also some writings, amongst which the principal is a catalogue of things left by Father Anderson, a Jesuit, in Scotland, who seems to be out of the country. Thereby your Majesty will perceive the furniture of books and vestments they have in store, and some of their friends with whom the same is reserved. I will not trouble your Majesty with circumstance of his apprehension and names

⁴⁰ "And said Masse in sindrie places within the towne. When the bishope challenged him for his hardines, he answered, that he hoped to have more friedome ere it were long; wherupon the bishop buffetted him" (Calderwood's *Historie*, vol. vii. p. 193. Woodrow Edit.).

⁴¹ A note in the margin of the *Relatio Incarcerationis*.

⁴² The original depositions are still preserved among the Denmyne MSS., Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

of his partakers here, anent whom I have written to your Highness's servant, John Murray, more particularly. Only, I will crave your Majesty's pardon to deliver my advice for the punishment of these transgressors, the trial of the Jesuit, and finding out such things as are contained in the catalogue. Because exemplary punishment is necessary in this case, and by the laws their lives, lands, and whole estate are in your Majesty's hands; and the condition of the persons offending is not equal, your Majesty would be pleased to refer the determination thereof to my Lord Treasurer, my Lord Kilsyth, my Lord Advocate, and myself, as having here jurisdiction under your Majesty.

Commissioners would be given for this effect, and the Council commanded to depute one to the fore-named persons for putting the transgressors to trial and convicting them according to the law.

Being tried guilty and put in your Majesty's will, they would be fined according to their quality and estate, only Robert Haiggate,⁴³ that has been the seducer of the rest, would be banished out of your Majesty's kingdom during your Highness's pleasure.

The fine your Majesty will be graciously pleased to command the Treasurer divide with me, both in respect that all are burghesses⁴⁴ of the city, and by the privilege your Majesty's most noble predecessors have granted to this see, the escheats and forfeitures of all malefactors fall to the bishop, and that I may have wherewith to recompense the discoverer and others that have served in the business, to whom I have particularly obliged myself.

Their trial would be at Glasgow, and the Commissioners commanded by your Majesty's letter to convene for that effect at the first convenient time they can choose.

For the Jesuit, your Majesty may be pleased to command him to be brought to Edinburgh and examined by such of the Council as your Majesty shall please nominate; of that number, the Secretary, Treasurer, my Lord Kilsyth, my Lord Advocate, and myself, because I have the writings (*writtis*) would seem fittest.

They would be commanded to use his examination with great secrecy, and, if he will not answer nor confess ingenuously, to give him the Boors or the torture.

For getting the books and vestments contained in the catalogue, it will be the safest means to charge the keepers of the same, and, where the ladies are named, to charge their husbands and commit them till the same be delivered. But for this and the better compassing of it the credit would be referred to my Lord Secretary, to move and follow it in Council by our advice and when we see it to be time.

Sire, these things I humbly present to your Majesty to be corrected at your Highness's good pleasure. The knowledge I have of our state

⁴³ All concerned declared that he, Robert Haiggate, was the person who introduced them to Father Ogilvie.

⁴⁴ Qāi arr all burghessis.

here, and the considerations of everything that may best serve to the repressing of this great evil, and assuring that obedience which is due to God and your Majesty, makes me bold to deliver my opinion in this sort.

I beseech Almighty God to preserve your Majesty and to disappoint the practices of the wicked, and increase your Highness's blessings in despite of all God's and your enemies.

Your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant,

GLASGOW.

Glasgow (5th O.S.), October 15, 1614.

To His Most Sacred Majesty.⁴⁵

It is evident that the capture of Father Ogilvie was an important one, and that he would be mercilessly treated by Spottiswood, who, as it has been seen, is for using the barbarous "boots" and "torture." Of this anon.

D. C.

⁴⁵ *Archbishop of Glasgow to the King.* MSS. affairs of the Church of Scotland, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, n. 66, A2, 51.

Reminiscences of the late Bishop of Mayence.

THE sudden and unexpected death of the Bishop of Mayence, which took place in the summer of last year, is an event so striking and full of import for the welfare of the Church in Germany that it made a deep impression on men of every shade of opinion, both in that country and elsewhere. In May 1877, Mgr. Ketteler went to Rome to take part in the German deputation to the Vatican for the jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff. Surrounded by most of his brethren in the Prussian Episcopate, who have been forcibly deprived of their Sees and driven into exile, he was looked upon as a future champion of the cause of liberty, and the possible defender and upholder for many a long year of the rights of the Church in that oppressed country.

Whilst the Archbishop of Cologne and his suffragans were returning to their obscure positions in foreign lands, the Bishop of Mayence crossed the Alps to return to his native city, and retake possession of his See, but he was struck with a fatal illness and expired before he was able to accomplish his purpose. The deceased prelate was born in the year 1811 at Münster, the capital of Westphalia, and sprang from an energetic race of nobles who had for centuries furnished soldiers for the German army, and priests and religious for the Catholic Church. He received all his early instruction at the hands of his father and mother, and it is to their teaching that we may attribute the firmness of character and power of mind which inspired his foes with fear and his friends with admiration. Later on, he attended a school in his native town and afterwards a course of instruction in the Jesuit's College at Brieg in the Swiss Canton of Valais. His educational career was completed at the universities of Gottingen, Berlin and Heidelberg. At the latter place he made the acquaintance of the present Chancellor of the German empire, Prince Bismarck, who has done so much to sow the seeds of discontent and rebellion amongst the Catholics of Germany. In the year 1833 he entered into the army. He was always conspicuous for reli-

gious zeal and piety, rivalling in fervour his old companion Paul Melchers, the present Archbishop of Cologne. At this period of his life the Prussian Government engaged in a quarrel with the Church on the question of mixed marriages, and after many arbitrary actions proceeded to arrest Mgr. Clement Auguste de Droste-Vischering, then Archbishop of Cologne, whereupon the young and gallant Baron von Ketteler took the part of the oppressed and openly attacked the Government for their tyrannical measures, consecrating the whole force of his rich talents and eloquence to the defence of the faith. In the year 1838 he went to Munich, to study theology with his old friend Mgr. Melchers, with whom he was destined one day to co-operate in the labours of the episcopate on the banks of the Rhine. His professors were Dr. Dollinger, now unhappily fallen into schism, Goerres, Phillips, Moy, Reithmager, and others, of whom Bavaria is justly proud. At the age of thirty-two years he entered the seminary of Münster, where he made himself universally beloved, and on June 1, 1844, he consecrated himself to God in the sacrament of ordination. The apostolic work of this champion of the faith is principally seen in the four leading places in which his lot was cast, in the chief town of the district of Beckum in Westphalia, where he was attached for two years to the parish church in the capacity of a curate; in the village of Hopsten in Westphalia where he was parish priest for the space of three years; in Berlin, where he served the church of St. Hedwig, and in his cathedral at Mayence. At Beckum his brother curate was John Brinckmann, afterwards called to the See of Münster, and at the present moment in exile, banished from his native country by the cruel ecclesiastical laws, known by the name of Herr Falck. In conjunction with Herr Brinckmann he founded a large hospital. As parish priest of Hopsten he was revered and respected by his flock, and made himself an object of terror to the socialists and communists by his conduct in the parliament at Frankfort in the year of turmoil of 1848.

He there pronounced upon the tomb of the assassinated deputies, General Anerswald and Prince Lichnowski, that famous oration which has become part of the historical literature of his country. His constituents, for the most part Protestants, were proud of him, and up to the time of his death he was beloved and respected by men of all creeds and opinions. Few Germans are unfamiliar with the magnificent discourse uttered by him before the first assembly of the Catholic Association at Mayence.

Few there are who have not read the famous six sermons preached by him during the advent of 1848, before an audience composed of all classes of society and persons of every shade of religious opinion. These sermons, preached in the nave of the cathedral of Mayence, at a time when a social crisis was at hand in every country throughout Europe, when the demon of democracy was let loose, and unbridled passions were let flow, touched upon all the great philosophical and political questions of the day and treated of the Catholic doctrines of moral and civil liberty, the end of man, the duties of the family, the duties of the State, and the authority of the Church. In the year 1849, Mgr. Ketteler had the happiness of receiving the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn into the Church, an event which caused no slight commotion and indignation throughout the kingdom of Prussia. In the year 1850, his name appeared amongst the list of priests proposed by the chapter of the Cathedral of Mayence to occupy the vacant see, and being approved of by the Sovereign Pontiff, he was preconized the 20th of May, and made his solemn entry into the town on the 16th of July. Several anecdotes of the first few years of his episcopal life are worthy of record. A portion of his clergy were tainted with the principles of the French Revolution of 1789, and had submitted with bad grace to the episcopal yoke. Many, for instance, dispensed with singing Vespers on the Sunday, and an amusing story is told how the Bishop arrived suddenly and unexpectedly in one of the parishes in the county that had been brought under his notice, and found the church empty. He immediately proceeded to have the bell rung, and sang Vespers himself to the dismay and astonishment of the parish priest, who was attracted to the church by the unusual sound of the tolling of the bell.

The unanimous regrets which followed him to the grave are amply justified by his works. He reopened the diocesan seminary, which had been closed for more than a quarter of a century after having produced such celebrated men as the Bishop of Strasbourg (Dr. Raess) and the Bishop of Spire (Dr. Weiss). The presidency of the seminary was intrusted to Canon Nickel, who was in turn succeeded by the celebrated Canon Moufang, a recent deputy to the Reichstag of the empire. The seminary is now closed in virtue of the legislation that came into force on the reconstruction of the Empire in 1871, and may be reckoned as one of the numerous institutions of Germany that have suffered from the effects of the "Cultur-

kampf." Two other seminaries, one in Mayence and another in Dieburg, which he had established during his episcopate have also been suppressed. Mgr. von Ketteler was in the habit of frequently holding conferences and retreats, and introduced into his diocese strict examinations. For twenty-seven years he was diligent in the defence of the flock committed to his care, both by word of mouth and by his writings. His pastoral letters form some of the finest specimens of dogmatic theology and teaching on the liberal tendencies of the present day. He restored to his diocese the Order of the Capuchins, and had the happiness of seeing their religious house intrusted to the care of his brother Richard, in religion Father Bonaventura, celebrated as one of the finest preachers in Germany. He also re-established the Jesuits, placing them in the Church of St. Christophe, from whence they were expelled by the Falck Laws in 1872. A congregation of Franciscans was established for the care of the sick and infirm, and an asylum for servants who had no homes when out of place, a convent of Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and also one for the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. He opened a house for abandoned and poor women, and an orphanage called the Hospice de St. Joseph. One of his most celebrated undertakings was to form the basis of a working-man's club, which to-day counts more than a thousand members, and a Catholic association which has now become the focus of all Catholic life in the Rhine provinces. He inaugurated the *fête* of the eleventh centenary of the martyrdom of St. Boniface, the great Apostle of Germany, in presence of nearly the whole of the German Episcopate. But it was his polemical discussions more than anything else that caused him to be regarded as the champion of the Church and the terror of its adversaries.

His powerful writings had no equal along the banks of the Rhine. It is necessary to read them to get an idea of the vigour and intrepidity with which he stood forward in the cause of Christian liberty. Some of the most celebrated works which emanated from his pen are *Liberté, Autorité et l'Eglise*; *Le Concile Œcumenique et son importance a notre époque*, and *Le Culturkampf, contre l'Eglise Catholique et les nouveaux projets contre l'Eglise*; but fifty or sixty others have been published in French and German, and have all gone through many editions.

The Bishop of Mayence may be regarded at the same time as a devoted patriot and a devoted son of the Church. He took part in the legislation of his country in such critical times as 1848,

1866, and 1870, and even in the first Parliament of the new German Empire, as long as he believed in the possibility of an understanding between the State and the Church. His services to Prussia during the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and his action on the field of battle at Aschaffembourg, will not readily be forgotten.

Mgr. Ketteler was, during the Council of 1870, one of those prelates who considered the question of infallibility inopportune, and was therefore opposed to it; but, like a true son of the Church, no sooner was it promulgated than he immediately assented. On July 17, 1870, he sent a special envoy to the Holy Father with a declaration of absolute submission to the decrees of the Council, and on the 20th of August he published them in the official reports of his diocese. He was at Rome for the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, for the festival of the centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, for the Œcumenical Council of 1870, and for the Jubilee of the Episcopate of Pius the Ninth in 1877, the last public act of his life. He was Domestic Prelate and Assistant Bishop at the Pontifical throne, titles of dignity and honour which are evidence of the esteem in which he was held by the Holy Father.

Winter and summer alike Mgr. Ketteler rose at four o'clock in the morning, and after an hour's meditation he celebrated Mass either in his private chapel or in his cathedral. His time, of which he was very jealous, was divided between prayer, study, literary occupations, audiences, and recreation. He lived the life of an ascetic, or almost one of monastic rigour, affiliated to the Third Order of St. Francis. His manners and conversation charmed every one who had access to him, and it was no uncommon sight in his own episcopal town of Mayence to see crowds of young people pressing around him as he passed through the streets, craving his apostolic benediction. In the hospitals his name was held in the highest honour, his paternal care knew how to soothe and comfort the sick and destitute, and it was a matter of notoriety how the deceased prelate would take under his protection and minister to the wants of the humblest person who sought relief. Even in the most remote villages of his diocese he was personally acquainted with many of the peasants, and never hesitated to listen to the tale of sorrow or to hear the request of the most forlorn.

Such are a few of the characteristics of this great bishop, one of the most illustrious prelates of this century. There is

hardly a Catholic of any literary attainments who has not heard of the courage and daring of Mgr. Ketteler. A statesman of great ability, a noble patriot, a truly apostolic prelate, the late Bishop of Mayence will long remain in the memory of Catholics throughout the world. The whole Church of God may be said to mourn the loss of one of her foremost champions. And especially must the Church in Germany mourn to see one in whom she had perfect confidence taken from her at a time when his life and example seemed all important. Holy in his life he died a holy death, holding to the last the banner of the faith, and blessing with his last breath his dear flock. It will be difficult to replace him. It would under any circumstances have been difficult to replace him, but now, under the existing state of things in Germany, it will be almost impossible. The dead-lock that the governments of the various states in Germany have succeeded in effecting with the Church would alone render any nomination by the Church unacceptable to the ruling authorities, and we may therefore fear the death of the Bishop of Mayence will add another to the now long list of widowed sees in that country. Posen, Cologne, Breslau, Fulda, Münster, Paderborn, Limburg, Friburg, Treves, have each a melancholy tale to tell, and now Mayence must be added to the fatal list. How soon the few prelates that are left will be compelled to leave the country unless removed by death it is impossible to say, but judging from the present disposition of the Prussian Government another two years will probably see the last Catholic bishop rooted out of Germany. Even in Bavaria, where matters have not as yet been pushed to the same extreme as in other parts of Germany, we see a daily growing tendency on the part of the authorities at Munich to tamper with the rights of the Church and oppress the Catholic population. Death has laid desolate three or four of the bishoprics in Bavaria, and the difficulties raised by those in power have rendered it questionable for the Holy See to make any fresh appointments for the present. Under these circumstances we are justified in saying that the death of such a man as Mgr. Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence, calls forth more than ordinary sorrow, and it is not difficult to understand the depth of feeling it has evoked in Germany. Every class rendered homage to his noble and illustrious life, and even his enemies, the freethinkers and atheists, were compelled to admit that he would have done honour to any society to which he had belonged. R.I.P.

H. B.

Catholic Review.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *De Ecclesia et Cathedra* : or, the Empire Church of Jesus Christ. An Epistle.
By the Hon. Colin Lindsay. London : Longmans, Green, and Co.

THIS work may perhaps be taken up by some with a certain feeling of suspicion and distrust, as being the adventure of a layman, not even in the position of professor, to treat dogmatically of so deep and wide a theological matter as the constitution and administrative authority of the Church ; but he cannot have proceeded far in a careful reading of the preface without perceiving that, both for study of the subject, and for its careful and reverential treatment, it is this time in safe hands. Not only does the author state his ready submission to the Church's teaching in all that he has written, adding that he had sought the aid "of a friend—an eminent theologian—who kindly examined the proof sheets," but his whole work manifests the spirit of great singleness of intention, and of a deep and earnest faith, guided in every point by the clearly defined landmarks of Catholic argument and Catholic authority.

When a book showing such careful study and learned research, and written in so just and excellent a spirit, comes from the pen of a layman it ought to receive an especial welcome and especial attention. It is not only a very rare thing to find members of the laity willing to devote themselves to the serious and painstaking study of theological questions, but their doing so is an example to others, and is the best of all answers to the objection that practical interest in, or acquaintance with, the inner mysteries and doctrines of the Church are reserved for that teaching authority within it, whose chief business and object it is to make them as multiplied, as abstruse, and as stringent as possible. Considering the nature and object of Mr. Lindsay's treatise, it possesses a very particular recommendation in the fact of its having been written by a layman. The preface more than hints that its design is to supply an earnest-minded and intelligent Protestant reader with a carefully, yet clearly elaborated plan, marking the necessity for, the rise and progress, the general nature, design, and operation of the Catholic Church, forming a strong and irresistible argument in favour of a scheme of salvation which is to be found nowhere else save within her fold. Such an argument will appeal with double efficacy to the heart and mind of

one not yet received into the Church, more particularly because its aim is to attain the same end as controversy by the far more efficient means of positive teaching, and yet it does this with a modesty and absence of all pretentiousness which give peculiar reality and weight to each statement or argument brought forward.

Mr. Lindsay has desired to make his treatise as thoroughly exhaustive of the whole subject as possible, to place before the mind of an educated and sincere inquirer a grand and complete scheme of the mystery of sin, and the mystery of redemption and grace, such as will strike home to his heart, and, through the influence of the Holy Ghost, convince him of its truth and reality. After clearing the ground before him by devoting one hundred and eighty pages to such answer as he feels it at all useful to make to the reviewers of his former work, *The evidences for the Papacy as derived from the Holy Scriptures and from Primitive Antiquity*, he opens the subject of the present book by considering the origin of the world; the creation and fall of man, together with the design of the future mission of God the Son, Incarnate, to restore all things, and to punish those who shall have rejected Him; and before the fulfilment of that mission, the war which was to be waged against Christ in all its different stages. It is in the various chapters of this second book that the writer has an opportunity of handling with great care and originality of thought the connecting links between the great divisions of his "Epistle." Without attempting to dogmatize he puts forward, as a highly probable theory, that there was a period of long duration between the original creation of this earth and the chaotic state to which it may have been reduced by some great judgment of fire sent in punishment for the sins of a previous race of intelligent beings; in which case he would accept the six days given to the work of creating this earth for the habitation of man as simply and strictly natural days. This view he finds rather corroborated than opposed by the three leading statements in Scripture that: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" secondly, that "the earth was without form and void," but neither necessarily nor most likely created by God in this state of confusion, imperfection, and darkness; thirdly, that the world was re-constructed by God for the use of man: "And God blessed man, saying, Increase and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it," &c. Before the Fall, and probably even before the creation of man, Satan was a fallen angel; he and his spirit hosts had possession of this earth, and though by rebelling he lost his principality, he is recognized by our Lord as "Prince of this world," "the Prince of the power of the air," having in a measure possession "of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

Then follows the creation of man, distinguished even from the angels as being made in the image of God, sharing with Christ the titles of "Image" and "Glory of God," intimating that from all eternity God intended to become Incarnate. After the Fall, the rebellion of Satan was directed primarily against the Second Person, as being not only

He Whose office it was to create, but also to give life and be the actual Restorer of all things. That war is traced with great clearness and power, onward from the Divine words spoken to Satan: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed." Its first act is directed against Cain, regarded by Eve as a "man gotten from the Lord," and perhaps mistaken by Satan for Christ Himself. It passes through the antediluvian period, then builds up the tower of Babel defying the authority of God Himself; baffled there, it assails the line of patriarchs and the promised seed, slaying their male children, rivalling the plagues of Egypt, fomenting rebellion in the wilderness, the revolt of the ten tribes, and the fate of Saul, together with the idolatry of Solomon and of the people; lastly striving to stamp out the whole race in the captivity and the destruction of Jerusalem. After that it assailed Christ Himself in every way, instigating Herod to seek His death, next tempting Him in the desert, stirring up the malice of the Jews against him, imbittering the hearts of the priests with envy, lastly nailing our Lord to the Cross, and sealing the door of the sepulchre and setting a watch. Once more as Satan had failed in preventing our Lord's birth or in gaining by His death, with despairing hope he turned against the Church, and would by the early persecutions fain stifle it in its birth; he then breathed forth heresy in its ear to corrupt its faith in the Divinity of Christ, His Manhood, His two natures in one Person, His two wills and operations, and so with most of the Church's doctrines. He would also rend her unity by schism, and bring sanctity itself to discredit by the fall of holy men. But Satan was now restrained, his partial successes leading to clear definitions of doctrines, and the triumphs of the faith in the decrees of the great Councils of the Church. In later days Satan has tried to destroy the cultus of the Blessed Virgin, thus aiming a blow at interior purity of life, and to pave the way for the onward march of infidelity by uprooting the principle and seat of all authority in things spiritual.

With the third book we enter on the Divine plan of restoration, considering first of all its preparation. This preparation is drawn out with great skill of detail: it is seated first in a regimen of moral discipline for the advantage of the soul, acting upon and guiding man's conscience. One appointed method of this training was the law of bloody sacrifice; another was the appointment of teachers in every age, of whom Abel, Enoch, Noe, Abraham were the earliest. Another head of this preparation was the cultivation of the arts and sciences, as conducive to the civilization of the world, in evidence of which witness the pyramids and ancient temples of Egypt, and next the progress of high art in Greece, giving expansive, elevating, refining ideas to the mind, and leading upward to grandeur of literature, and a deeper and purer philosophy. A third method of preparing the minds of men for the first advent was the progress of legislation and government, as manifested in the legislature of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Especially was Rome an important engine employed in this work of

preparation, for in the best days of her republic she was characterized by stern morality and obedience to authority, and a sound and elaborate government; while in religion she had a hierarchy of priests and was possessed with a strong religious sentiment. The last great power in working out this preparation was the principle of law, commencing from the primary law of worship in the beginning, descending to the moral law as it stood from Abraham to Moses, and then finally and specifically fixed in the code of the Law promulgated from Mount Sinai.

This conducts us to the actual coming of the Messiah and the foundation of the Empire-Church, possessing plenary authority over all men and the whole of each individual. After considering what sort of Empire our Lord intended to institute, the consecutive chapters of the fourth book treat of the Universality of the Church, and of its characteristic of Visibility. As regards the former of these qualities, the great universal Empire-Church sprang from the race especially chosen and formed into a kingdom by God, and from the various nations known in prophecy as the Babylo-Roman Empire existing through permission of God's providence. Hence a parallel is drawn, in the first place, between the chief incidents in the history of the old Israel as prefiguring the new in every particular, followed by direct Scripture prophecy proving the universality of the future Church; and in the next place, a parallel is drawn between the Babylo-Roman autonomy and the outward form and administrative arrangements of the kingdom and Church of Christ. This whole book is extremely well worked out, and full of interest, and it is fitly summed up in detailing the fulfilment of type and prophecy in the actual foundation of the Church, the seal of Patristic authority being affixed to the argument just given. The fifth book, which concludes the first volume, concisely sketches out the familiar subjects of the Church's marks of oneness, of indivisibility and indefectibility, and of infallibility, of which more need not be said here than that they are very rich in quotations from the Fathers, and that the system of frequent recapitulation impresses each step in turn clearly and lastingly on the mind.

Mr. Lindsay's second volume begins the second great division of his subject, and treats *de Cathedra Petri*. Space will not allow us to give much more than an enumeration of the chief laws or principles of the Church's action. We have dwelt at considerable length on the first volume in order to give some idea of the subject-matter contained in it, and of the care and originality in many respects of the method in which it is treated. The latter part will fully sustain the interest awakened in what has gone before, as its introductory chapter alone sufficiently shows. The first principle which marks the constitution of the Church is that, like all things in nature, it proceeds from one original as its germ. Thus "Abraham was the appointed original of the whole family of God," in whose "seed shall all nations of the earth be blessed," as Adam had been the prime original of

the whole human family. In the actual commencement of the New Creation it was the will of God that Woman should be the original, the mother and matron of the New Dispensation. Mary was the parent of Jesus, our Incarnate God, as He was the parent of the First-born Church. In establishing His Empire-Church, Jesus did not depart from the old laws of an original, for Christianity is not contrary to but the complement of the primeval and Mosaic dispensations. This selected original was Simon Bar-Jona, surnamed "Rock," *i.e.* Peter. The mystery of the Rock or Stone is considered under the head of its firmness and solidity, of its germinating principle, of its furnishing the source of life. Both in the preparation for building the Church on it, and in the actual work of rearing that Church, Christ had identified St. Peter with it, as under and in union with Himself.

The next great principle elucidated is that of monarchy, originating in heaven, and established by God upon earth in the person and rule of Adam, and renewed after the Deluge in Noe. Over the Israelites the personal reign of God continued till the accession of Saul, in fulfilment of the original intention of God as expressed in Scripture. Kindred with monarchy was the principle of vice-monarchy, which is universally acknowledged and carried out in all widely-extended governments, the British Empire furnishing the most perfect example. Over Israel God legislated and governed through Moses, as His representative, constituted by Him Sovereign Lord and Judge, and even the source of authority and consecration to the High Priesthood. Hence his symbol as Sovereign Vicar of God, "the chair of Moses." Clearly and elaborately is the presence of this monarchy, vice-monarchy, and chair of authority and of teaching in the Church proved, and shown to be centred in St. Peter. Essential to this great fact is the principle of Infallibility, as traced down from the official infallibility of Adam before the Fall, through the Patriarchal and Mosaic to the Gospel Dispensation. For further handing on the Sovereignty and Chair of Peter the principle of succession next comes in as necessary. Succession is one of the cardinal and immutable laws of God, and it is a necessary consequent on monarchy, whether by absolute election, by hereditary descent, or by transmission of power through imposition of hands. The last principle claimed for the Church is that of Temporal power; for this there are four sources of evidence—types, prophecies, the actual foundation of the kingdom of Christ, and the vision of the Apocalypse. This chapter is invested at the present moment with a very especial interest and significance. The ninth chapter fitly closes the book with accumulative evidence in proof of the truth of its title—*The Apostolic See a Scriptural Fact*. We have endeavoured to place before the reader the argument of this work, and believe that it has been at least sufficiently described to recommend it as treating a wide, abstruse, and all-important subject with much careful and reverent thought, and with a variety and clearness of style that keep the interest thoroughly awakened throughout.

2. *The sufferings of the Church in Brittany during the Great Revolution.* By Edward Healy Thompson. The Christmas number of the Quarterly Series. London: Burns and Oates.

From the forthcoming number of the Quarterly Series we present to our readers a few extracts, which may enable them to judge of the importance of the inquiry to which Mr. Healy Thompson has devoted much zealous labour. Any studies in history which help to unmask the tactics of the enemies of God are welcome at this moment. Liberty is still, as in the years which followed '89, the war-cry of those who persecute. Hypocritical profession of good will comes first, and praise is given to Catholics who try to serve two masters; then, when weak souls have been seduced, the war begins in earnest, because "ultramontanes" and "clericals," that is to say, Catholics who go to Confession and Communion can be more easily persecuted by a hostile majority than led astray by preachers of a new gospel. When the Great Revolution broke upon astonished Europe, the apparent novelty of its principles formed some excuse for its miserable dupes; but the experience of ninety years ought to have opened the eyes of all Christians. Those only should be now deceived who wish to be. Those only should now rejoice in the unprincipled persecution of the Church in Germany and Switzerland, and wish to see a religious war in France, who, like our inspired instructors in the *Times*, hate the Catholic Church because she teaches truth, as the blind and obstinate Jews hated our Lord.

At first, "the Revolution" pretended to seek the alliance of the clergy of France, and many unfortunate priests allowed themselves to be deluded. Mr. Thompson gives us the true history of the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy."

The clergy were employed in a fruitless measure of conciliation; meanwhile the Tiers was labouring with more success to entice the inferior members of that body to join it. On the 13th of June, three curés of Poitou led the way in going over without awaiting the decision of the higher clergy. On the morrow six other ecclesiastics, amongst whom figured the afterwards famous schismatic bishop, Grégoire, Curé of Emberménil, in the diocese of Nancy, and two Breton curés followed their example; and on the 17th seven other curés joined the Tiers. These ecclesiastics committed the grave error of acting independently of their Superiors; but worse was to ensue.

It was on the 17th that took place the well-known scene in the Tennis Court, where the Tiers, which had already assumed to itself the title of National Assembly, bound itself by an oath never to separate till the constitution of the kingdom was settled on a firm basis. On that day the Revolution had begun. On the 19th, the clergy, after deliberating on the mode of verifying their powers, decided by a clear majority against joining the Tiers. The minority were betrayed into the inexcusable fault of holding a meeting of their own as soon as the opposite party had left their seats, and passing a resolution to the directly contrary effect. By the 24th of the month, one hundred and ninety-one ecclesiastics had gone over to the Tiers, and amongst them were all the Breton deputies except four.

The motives which led to the defection of so large a proportion of the clergy were of a mixed character. Some went in the hopes that their

presence might help to check or modify violent counsels; others, from that natural sympathy with the third order to which they by extraction belonged. They were received with a burst of rapturous applause, the last which was to greet them from the benches of that Assembly.

Louis, good but weak, and his minister, Necker, helped the progress of disorder by feeble resistance and unwise concession.

We have no intention of following the rapid steps by which the Revolution now advanced, or of relating the terrible scenes which were enacted both in the capital and in the provinces between the 27th of June and the 2nd of November following, on which latter day the spoliation of the Church, which had been proposed by the notorious Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, in order to supply the deficit in the public treasury, was decreed, and its property declared to be at the disposition of the nation: a decree in perfect harmony with the principles promulgated by Rousseau. Determined to secure the carrying of their measure, the enemies of religion had summoned the dregs of the faubourgs to their aid. Armed with clubs and other weapons, this rabble filled the adjoining streets, insulting the ecclesiastics as they passed to the Assembly, or menacing with death all who should refuse to vote for the measure. On that day the Church of France was stripped of all her property, which was soon to become the prey of greedy speculators, Jews, Protestants, and bad Catholics, who had all for some time past been reckoning upon making their profit out of its sale. On the 13th of February, 1790, the religious orders were declared to be abolished, and the greater part of the convents were suppressed. The deterioration and degeneracy of the monastic institutions was the pretext put forward for this act. It is not to be denied that considerable relaxation prevailed in many religious communities in France, but it may be truly affirmed that this was chiefly owing to lay and governmental interference. Their reform was one of the objects recommended in the *cahiers* of the clergy; and if that body had met separately, it would have formed a suitable matter for discussion and arrangement, subject to the approval of the Holy See. The National Assembly, in any case, was incompetent to deal with ecclesiastical matters. The separation of the good grain from the chaff was now to be witnessed. Bad monks availed themselves of this decree of the civil power to cast aside vows from which no secular authority had the right to release them. They left their convents, and were soon to be numbered amongst the active promoters of the schism. Few religious in Brittany thus disgraced themselves, and the vast majority throughout France proved faithful to their obligations. Congregating in those houses which were temporarily spared, they continued to practise their rule as well as they were able until they were forcibly ejected. The nuns, in particular, gave an almost universal example of fidelity to their vows and attachment to their holy state. An extremely small proportion of these women, who had been represented as the victims of bigotry and superstition, and reluctant prisoners in the cloister, profited by the permission given them to return to the world. The rest remained to give a splendid contradiction to their impious traducers, and not a few of them were ere long to win the palm of martyrdom.

Pursuing its work of destruction, the Assembly was now about to aim its most deadly blow at the Church by voting the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," which carries its condemnation in its very name. "We must de-Catholicize France," had been Mirabeau's exclamation in one of his philosophic rhapsodies. The clergy had been deprived of their temporal influence by being stripped of their property and placed on a level with the salaried officials of the State; it was now necessary to destroy their spiritual influence, by reducing the Church to a mere department of the civil service.

... An ecclesiastical commission had been appointed ever since the 20th of August to elaborate the scheme. It was composed chiefly of laymen, almost all of whom were sworn enemies of the Church; only five ecclesiastics were associated with them, who found themselves powerless to effect any good.

Suppressing the one hundred and thirty-four existing bishoprics, it created eighty-three new ones in their place, corresponding to each of the civil departments. . . .

The choice of the bishops was confided to the electors of the department indiscriminately, thus including both Protestants and Jews. The bishop-elect was to demand canonical installation from the metropolitan, and simply to acquaint the Pope, as visible Head of the Church, with the fact of his election, in token of inter-communion. The departmental electors were also to choose the curés, and these in turn their own vicaires, from amongst the priests of the diocese. The cathedral chapters, abbatial and collegiate, were to be suppressed, as well as the priories and other benefices. These leading articles suffice to show the character of the proposed constitution. As may be seen, it violated the rights of the Holy See, and destroyed the whole constitution and discipline of the Church; moreover, it was vicious in its origin, on account of the incompetence of the civil legislature to deal with ecclesiastical matters. When it came before the Assembly, the most influential deputies of the clergy, and even several lay deputies, exerted all their powers in opposing it and in demonstrating its injustice, and amongst them a Breton by birth, Mgr. de Boisgelin, Archbishop of Aix, particularly distinguished himself. . . .

On the 12th of July the Assembly decreed in its entirety this "work of darkness, this compendium of all kinds of heresies," as the Civil Constitution was characterized by the illustrious Pius the Sixth. As the project had been for some time in preparation, Louis, whose conscience was alarmed, had been able secretly to consult the Pope, who, on the 10th of July, replied in a letter at once paternal and decisive. While expressing his confidence in the King's personal attachment to the Catholic faith, the Holy Father warned him that, if he should be led to sanction the decrees relating to the clergy, he would involve the whole nation in error, plunge the kingdom into schism, and perhaps kindle the flames of a religious war. . . .

The Constituent Assembly had been guilty of the folly and madness of thinking that it could do without God, and concoct a human system of religion, civil in its essence and in its administration, such as the philosophers of the day had imagined; but their production has justly been described as "still-born." It fell into contempt as a lifeless thing from the day of its birth. True Catholics rejected it with abhorrence, while those who had lost the faith did not really believe in it. All the science and ingenuity of man cannot construct a Church; and when worldly legislators, applying themselves to the attempt, cast aside the divine hierarchy of the Catholic Church, a despicable failure is the invariable and necessary result. . . .

If the Assembly had been actuated by any reasonable policy, and had not been urged on by a blind impiety, it would have paused when it saw the antagonism manifested throughout France to its recent decree; it would have abstained from enforcing it and endeavoured to come to some arrangement with the bishops, as the latter had themselves often proposed. In this manner it might have obtained many of the changes it desired, many even which in themselves were not desirable, but which, nevertheless were admissible with the sanction of the Holy See, and which the Pope—like Pius the Seventh afterwards in the Concordat made with Napoleon—would, no doubt, have sanctioned in the interests of religion and to obviate a schism. Thus would Catholic consciences have been quieted, and tranquillity maintained. But any such compromise would not have suited the enemies of religion, who, foreseeing the ruin of the Church in the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, were bent only upon hurrying on its enforcement. In this object they were seconded by the local municipal authorities, who even surpassed the Assembly itself in the vehemence of their revolutionary zeal, and in several places were already adopting violent measures in order to compel the acceptance of the new decrees by the clergy, although no law to that effect had as yet been passed.

In no part of France was the indignation excited by the Assembly's sacrilegious acts stronger than in Brittany, although the popular displeasure did not, as in some of the southern provinces of the kingdom, break forth in

any disturbance of the peace; and nowhere also did the animosity of the revolutionary authorities and their abettors assume a more virulent character.

What follows reads like an account of the Old Catholic movement, *mutatis mutandis*.

It was a question of forcibly imposing a new religion on the Catholics of France—for such, and justly so, did they esteem the newly devised State-system to be—a religion which their consciences rejected; and, in fact, the committee did not experience the least difficulty in the matter, for no sense of inconsistency interfered—it never has interfered with men of their class on similar occasions—with their deciding, in the face of their own cherished doctrines, against the rights of conscience when pleaded for Catholics. The committee, accordingly, did not deliberate long, and its president forthwith proceeded to present to the Assembly the project of a law by which bishops and priests were to be compelled to swear to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy; prefacing his project by a report which he made in the name of the *Comité des Recherches*, and of several other committees, denouncing a large proportion of the clergy as having combined in a league against the State and against religion, prompted solely by ambitious and self-interested motives. It is difficult to say which was most remarkable in this document, its arrogance or its audacious mendacity. The conduct of the Breton bishops and clergy in particular was subjected to detailed animadversion; the rest was a tirade of invectives against the Bishops of Rome, as Voidel called the Popes, and against every order in the Church, which, while affecting a hypocritical respect for the “religion of his fathers,”—for it was still judged prudent by even the most ardent revolutionists to throw a certain veil over their ulterior aims—he held up in the persons of its ministers, from the Vicar of Christ downwards, to obloquy and hatred. Such was the language of the men who professed to be the staunch defenders of liberty. They took under their protection the most criminal of offenders, rioters, assassins, and all the fanatical writers for the press; these last had full licence to print and circulate their subversive doctrines, but to priests, who ever inculcate principles conservative of peace, morality, and good order, no liberty was to be granted; nay, they must be forced to accept a measure which their consciences condemned, or, on their refusal, be declared as, *ipso facto*, dismissed from their functions. The history of these events might, indeed, excite our wonder, but that we know, from the experience of our own day, that it is always thus with the men of the Revolution. They have ever the names of liberty and equality in their mouths while forging chains for their fellow-countrymen; and as for religious liberty, of which they proclaim themselves the champions, with them it means only the liberty of the irreligious to persecute and oppress the Church. . . .

The oath was thus worded: “I swear to watch with diligence over the faithful committed to my direction. I swear to be faithful to the nation, to the law, and to the King. I swear to maintain, with all my power, the French Constitution, and, in particular, the decrees relating to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy.” It will be seen how artfully the oath to the political Constitution, which the clergy would never have refused to take, was coupled with the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which was repugnant to their consciences; moreover, it was made to occupy the prominent position. This was a cunning and malicious stratagem, devised for the purpose of conveying the general impression that every ecclesiastic who refused to swear refused fidelity to the nation, to the laws, and to the sovereign, thereby rendering them popularly odious. A delay of only eight days was granted for the taking of the oath by all the bishops and curés sitting in the Assembly. The clergy who refused were to be accounted as deposed and others installed in their place. . . .

There was a predetermined intention, even on the part of the moderate partisans of the Revolution, to reduce the Church to a mere function of the State; whilst among the party at their back, which was urging them on, and

which was soon to carry everything before it, there existed a deep and ferocious animosity against the clergy, an animosity so strong that, in order to crush them, they did not hesitate flagrantly to violate, as we have seen, the Constitution which they had themselves just decreed and had sworn to maintain, thus virtually abrogating one of the chief articles of the famous "Rights of Man." This hatred of the clergy was the expression of that same hatred of Christianity which burns so fiercely in the breasts of their modern representatives; for the clergy, so far from having done anything to deserve ill of the self-styled patriots of the day, had established many claims on their gratitude. They had been foremost in advocating all useful reforms, especially those which were designed to benefit the people; they had been the first to associate themselves with the Tiers; and on the memorable night of the 4th of August, when the nobility came forward to resign their old feudal privileges, the clergy in a like spirit of generosity, had renounced their own immunities.

As soon as the iniquitous law had been passed, the unhappy monarch was urged to affix his signature to it by the same arguments which had been used to obtain his sanction to the Civil Constitution itself. Louis endeavoured to temporize, and sent an ambiguous reply. Meanwhile he was despatching most pressing letters to the Pope, beseeching him to make every possible concession, and relieve him from his cruel embarrassment. But his hopes from that quarter were vain, for it was impossible that the Holy See could ever approve the late acts of the Assembly. . . .

The Assembly had now associated the King's name and authority with their work. When his consent was announced, it was received with prolonged and deafening applause by the Left. What followed has been compared by a Church historian to the last great judgment. The grand separation was now to begin, and with it "the purification of the French clergy and the regeneration of Catholic France." . . .

The 4th of January was the day fixed for the expiration of the period accorded to the clergy in the capital for taking the oath, and it was to be a day for ever glorious in the annals of the Church. The galleries of the Hall were thronged, and an immense multitude had collected without; all the near approaches being from an early hour, through the connivance of the Left, densely crowded with an ill-disposed mob, whose groans, yells, and threatening cries penetrated within the very walls. The Assembly ruled that the non-juring clergy should not be allowed to state their reasons for refusing the oath, a manifest injustice, inasmuch as to the others full liberty of speech was granted as before. The apostate Grégoire again harangued the Chamber in support of the oath. It in no way, he said, touched spiritual things, and, besides, the Assembly did not require "interior assent." It was thus, by false statements and the enunciation of false principles, repugnant to every honest mind, that this agent of Satan sought to seduce his brethren.

At all costs the clergy must be made to take the oath. During the whole course of the sitting, notes and slips of paper were being diligently circulated in the Assembly, with these words and the like: "Make an uproar; redouble your groans. Stir up the galleries; they seem to have gone to sleep." To excite the fury of the crowd admitted into the body of the House was, indeed, one of the unworthy means commonly adopted by the Left in order to intimidate that numerous party which forms so large a portion in all assemblies: men wanting in fixed convictions or in the courage to support such opinions as they may entertain, or who, from one cause or another, are impressible and irresolute. It was thus that the Left succeeded in carrying through many of their most violent measures. But they had other men to deal with now—men who had set their faces as a flint, who were ready to die for the truth and to keep their consciences pure. Menaces and clamour, however, silenced all attempts to speak, to remonstrate, to explain; the Right declaiming in vain against the flagrant partiality exhibited. Two o'clock now struck; it was the hour fixed for calling on each ecclesiastic to take the oath. The cries outside, threatening with *la lanterne* all who refused, were now redoubled with fearful violence. A member thus apostrophized the President, Emmery, who, be it observed, was a Jew: "You hear those rascals, they

have destroyed the monarchy, and now they wish to annihilate religion. The Assembly is not free. I protest!" But the shouts and meanees without had no effect on the noble band of confessors. "Trouble not yourself," said they; "for the clamours of a deluded people will be no guide to our consciences."

It may be a Paris mob, or it may be Prince Bismarck who threatens, but the answer is the same from the confessors of Christ.

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.

3. *Scoperta della Cripta di S. Emerenziana nel Cimitero Ostriano.* Per Mariano Armellini. Roma, 1877.

We cannot but feel that in the earnestness and excitement of all searchers after historical facts, whether they are busy in digging them out of the bowels of the earth, or in bringing them to light out of the hidden depths of old records, there must be always a tendency to exaggerate either the importance of some point discovered, or the certainty of the conclusions to which it leads us, or the clearness of its verification of some idea preconceived in the mind; yet in his most interesting narrative and dissertation combined Signor Armellini has gone very far indeed towards fully establishing the correctness of the discovery which he claims to have made. In introducing his subject the writer alludes to very important canons directing the skilled explorer of Roman catacombs, and the course of his narrative illustrates very happily how much care, patience, forethought, and, indeed, clever guess-work are needed in the progress of such excavations. The reader's interest is keenly excited as he goes on, and he sees at once the probable truth of the remark, that many explorers are destroyers of what they seek to find; while we are afraid we must add that they, or else others after them, are sometimes the deliberate spoilers of what they have found. The proof of this stares us in the face from the trim modern polish put upon all that used to look most timeworn and venerable in Roman ruins.

Ancient and modern archæologists alike down to Father Marchi, considered that the chief part of the catacomb of St. Agnes stretched out beneath the vineyards of Crostarosa and of the Augustinian Fathers of Sta. Maria del Popolo, now the Leopardi, and they therefore placed the whole under the one title of St. Agnes. Recent excavation has laid bare the fact that there are here two distinct cemeteries. Signor de Rossi, the coadjutor who has largely helped to the results of this work by the presuppositions and conclusions which his careful study and experience led him to form, felt satisfied that this cemetery, unnamed for so many centuries, was the cemetery of Ostorius, placed not close to the Via Salara, but between that and the Via Nomentana.

General opinion has fully accepted the correctness of his suppo-

sition; what then is the probable antiquity of this cemetery of Ostorius? De Rossi pronounced that a particular group of inscriptions, of beautiful form and character, bore marks of coming from the same workshop, and was of a class recognizable in many museums. These never point to a date later than the third or fourth century, and they are accompanied, as in this cemetery, with the fewest and simplest emblems, such as an anchor, allegorical of hope, and of the Cross. The inscriptions found here are simply classical, for nomenclature comprising strictly the name, cognomen, and family title; for epithet using only "dulcissimus" and the like. The families themselves named are generally of the Apostolic and early Imperial age, that, for instance, of Claudius, and freedmen of their family, or of the Emperors, as on a tablet bearing these words: D.M. CLAVDIVS CORINTHVS CLAVDIAE PROTOGENIAE MATRI OPTIMAE FECIT HCHIA.

In the same order of proof are *graffiti*, or inscriptions scratched on the walls by visitors with any sharp instrument they may take up for that purpose. These are so constantly observed in the crypts of cemeteries set apart for devotions to the saints buried therein, that their absence from this particular cemetery would have presented a mysterious exception to the rule. Examples of these were, however, brought to light by rubbing off in parts an outer coating of rough plaster, when such sentences could be read as, . . MANE VIVAS ^P_X or *Romane vivas Christo*. Another gave the form: FEBRAS OB AMOR . . . IS SAN ROMAII . . . E . . . Taking this as having been XV KAL FEBRAS OB AMOREM SEDIS SANCTI PETRI QUA PRIMUM ROMÆ SEDIT, it is remarked that the expression *ob amorem* is wholly confined to this place, and is not the form applied to saints; that the title *Sanctus* never precedes but follows the saint's name; that the only prefix which fits in makes the complete word *Sedis*; that the date restricted to the month of Feb. may easily point to the 22nd of the month, when the *Cathedra Sancti Petri* was commemorated; finally, that this is the single instance in the catacombs of an historical reference to Rome, yet it is found in the title of this feast as given in the ancient Martyrologies.

The discovery of the crypt of St. Emerentiana has brought to light both paintings and inscriptions which have never been reached before, or have remained reburied since the excavations of Bosio. On the right-hand side of the chief arcosolium in the crypt itself is a wide tomb, inclosed within a low wall, on which could be traced, after removing its coating of plaster, the remains of a picture representing two lambs, one erect, the other resting on the ground; beside them springs up the flowered stem of a lily, and above them, in a circular compartment, are two birds; beyond these the greater part of the picture is destroyed. The subject is of rare occurrence, and we may take its design to be symbolical of the faithful companions of the Lamb here on earth, and of souls set free from earthly bonds in heaven; and it is not unlikely from their number and posi-

tion, that they referred especially to the martyred sisters SS. Agnes and Emerentiana, the subject being in part suggested by the name of the elder sister. Yet another tomb discovered contains within its recess a square perforated case in which relics were placed, its Christian occupant having desired as close contact as possible with the saints after death.

It has been previously mentioned that on the left-hand side of the crypt, between the tribune and the episcopal chair, and nearly opposite to the tomb we have just described, a gallery extends which contains many sepulchral inscriptions. This gallery was discovered and has been described by Bosio, but a particular arcosolium in it deserves mention on account of the importance and artistic merit of the painting which decorates its arch. It presents to us our Lord seated on a chair between two figures, having His head surrounded by a nimbus. He is dressed in a tunic and stole, and appears as a beardless youth of a type anterior to the Byzantine period, His age being emblematic of His eternal and unchanging Divinity. At His feet on each side is placed an open chest filled with rolled parchments signifying the Old and New Testaments which are summed up in Him. Connected with these His gesture indicates that He is instructing from the opened volume which He holds in His left hand. The figures standing on either side, wearing each their nimbus, and similarly attired to our Lord, bear the familiar characteristics of the two great Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and are placed in the attitude of attention. The position of St. Peter on the right hand is what we should expect, but it may justly be taken as a sign of antiquity, for in less ancient frescoes St. Paul often fills the place of honour. The point does not seem to have been made much account of, for in another painting Christ stands on the left of St. Paul, while the Blessed Virgin holds a similar position relatively to St. Agnes. As the occurrence of the name of St. Peter in the arcosolium of the crypt necessarily implied his special connection with this cemetery, so a picture representing our Lord in the act of teaching and handing on His mission to the two great chiefs of the Apostolic office, points with very marked reference to the spot as that in which St. Peter both administered baptism and first occupied his episcopal seat.

Our subject being the Ostrian cemetery as a whole, the reader may with perfect consistency be taken to another painting of equal interest and significance in a gallery occupying a higher tier in the necropolis. This fresco adorns another arcosolium, and is to be attributed to the close of the third century. The objects before us are two soldiers, as may be concluded from their dress, for their short tunics are confined and partly covered by the military belt and cloak. Standing on the right, they are dragging forward a prisoner with manacled hands, whose dress is longer and more flowing, and who is further distinguished by a beard. He in turn is followed by a third soldier, habited somewhat like the others, and who seems to be striking the prisoner on the head with a wand or cane held in his right hand. The representation of such a scene as this

is of the first importance, for it clearly indicates an act of martyrdom, and as such forms one of the only two instances of this subject known in the Roman catacombs; the other example occurring in the cemetery of St. Callixtus, and depicting that of the martyrs Calocerus and Parthenius. The picture in question represents evidently the capture of some notable prisoner, and as there is no nimbus encircling the head it can scarcely refer to our Lord. Comparing the picture with other undoubted representations of the imprisonment of St. Peter there is a very marked resemblance both as to the number and dress of the soldiers, and as to the incident of the executioner striking at his prisoner from behind. If the hypothesis can be accepted as more or less established we claim a fresh link in the chain of proof that the Ostrian Cemetery is a memorial of St. Peter's work and office in it, and therefore helps to settle the question of his undoubted presence in Rome.

The discovery of the original staircase in its completeness, which was constructed from the first to admit into the crypt of St. Emerentiana, has a history attaching to it which is very illustrative of the difficulties to be contended with in all such excavations. The crypt itself having, as we have seen, been twice discovered by the way of the luminare, as through a trap-door, a way out had to be pioneered afresh, in order to disclose the original way in. The first step towards achieving this very arduous and problematical task was to reopen the evident connection existing between the crypt and the subterranean basilica on its left, formerly explored by Father Marchi. That done, access was free through the sepulchral passage that crossed the basilica, and nearly cut it in half. This ended abruptly a little beyond the basilica, and was not entered by any proper opening, but only by one improvised at some previous time by modern excavators. Father Marchi had found one entrance into the cemetery, and had unearthed fifteen or sixteen of its steps, but, though observing signs of its continuance, he could not undertake the work of digging deeper, having gained sufficient depth to admit of entrance into a higher section of the cemetery through openings made subsequently to the original plan. The conjecture formed was that, notwithstanding the seeming distance, a continuous passage once existed between the bottom of the staircase partly laid bare and the corridor dividing the basilica of St. Agnes. It took hard and constant labour for two months to finish an excavation which, however, amply rewarded all the time bestowed on it. It was discovered that the staircase was long and steep, and ended, exactly as hoped and conjectured, in an ambulacrum extending to the cross passage above mentioned; hence it had originally conducted solely into the crypt of St. Emerentiana, which, by this fresh proof, it showed to have been the first germ and nucleus of the whole cemetery. The tufa being too hard to excavate without much labour and expense, access was gained by a fresh staircase into the soil above, and from that higher level the cemetery spread out in all directions. The original staircase having been filled up, a third was improvised to conduct from the

basilica above into the crypt beneath, and this was formed upon the top of the buried staircase, but had been subsequently cut off at the bottom where it joined the ambulacrum, so as not to prevent passing beneath it. By reopening the full length of this gallery, not only were the original stairs now again reached from the crypt, and communication with the outer air thus completely restored, but the side walls of the staircase and gallery disclosed a wealth of sepulchral emblems and inscriptions, setting their seal to the great antiquity and importance of this cemetery, and supplying the want of definite authentication which had hitherto been felt. The most ancient types, thus discovered, presented the word *DULCISSIMÆ* and the family names of Mettius, belonging to the first period of the Empire; of Julia, reaching back to the commencement of the second century; of Flavius, a freedman of the Imperial house in Apostolic times; of Justinus and Priscus, pointing to the days of Trajan and Antoninus; and lastly of Claudius and Aurelius, marking the date of those Emperors. The few emblems discovered are no less conclusive of antiquity. Rare and ancient, yet of Christian significance, is the horse; and equally ancient are the anchor and palm-branch. The figure of a ship with spread sails, indicating the arrival of the deceased at the port of eternal felicity, is both rare and ancient. But most unusual of all is the rough carving on a marble slab of the figure of the Good Shepherd carrying the sheep on his shoulders, having the palm-branch by His side. These descriptions complete our sketch, and amply vindicate the claim of Signor Armellini to have made truly interesting and important discoveries in the Ostrian Cemetery.

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4. *Memoirs of Missionary Priests.* By Bishop Challoner, V.A.L. Preface by Rev. Thomas G. Law, the Oratory, London. Edinburgh: Thomas C. Jack.

We have received with much pleasure a very carefully prepared reprint of Bishop Challoner's standard work, in large quarto size, bearing with it a strong recommendation by his Grace the Cardinal Archbishop. This new edition has been evidently a serious undertaking, and it has been successfully carried out as to type, illustrations, and general appearance. Mr. Jack is also fortunate in having secured a Preface from the pen of Father Law, of the Oratory, which supplies a considerable amount of very useful information. Father Law has done good service by exposing the incorrectness of some of Mr. Green's statements in his *Short History of the English People*—statements all the more calculated to mislead from the greater truthfulness and straightforwardness in many points of his admissions as to the true nature of the persecution of Catholics. Father Law also draws attention to mistakes fallen into by so respectable an historian as Hallam. But after all, the chief point which he urges, and which must be urged again and again, is that neither were the priests, secular or religious, ever proved traitors to their country, nor had politics really anything to do with their barbarous

executions—indeed, this cloak thrown over the malice and religious hatred of their persecutors had soon to be cast aside, as the true motive more and more clearly declared itself in a determination to stamp out the old religion. We have to thank Father Law for including within his Preface a very interesting account of Bishop Challoner himself. In connection with the list of authorities consulted by the Bishop in his great work, it may be interesting to mention a MS. of 1,200 pages, compiled by Father John Huddleston (*alias* Sandford), and entitled “An account of interesting events relative to English Catholics in general and in particular to the Colleges and Missionaries of the Society of Jesus, from the accession of Queen Elizabeth (1558) to the year 1649.” After borrowing this manuscript from the College S.J. at St. Omer, Bishop Challoner returned it, accompanied by a note to the effect that “it was the most valuable English MS. on Catholic affairs in England that he had ever met with.” When the Fathers were forcibly expelled from St. Omer’s in 1762, the document was removed to Bruges, and at the date of the suppression of the Society it was lent to one of the Commissioners employed by the Belgic-Austrian Government, and no attempts succeeded in recovering possession of it, nor is it to be found amongst other papers in the Archives at Brussels. While we praise this reprint as an *édition de luxe*, we still hope to see an issue of Bishop Challoner’s *Memoirs* in a cheaper form, and supplemented to a considerable extent by notes, gathering together further information now within reach concerning those whose names are already on the Bishop’s list. Such annotations would be rendered especially easy and efficient by the fact that the *Memoirs* are so correct as far as they go.

5. *The Knowledge of Mary.* By Rev. J. De Concilio, Pastor of St. Michael’s Church, Jersey City. New York: Catholic Publishing Society.

We fully agree with the author of this condensed work on the position of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the mysteries of the Incarnation and of Redemption in regretting that there does not exist in our language any scientific treatise on this subject. Full of deep and tender devotion to our Lady as are the writings of Father Faber, and efficiently and usefully as certain particular points have been treated by other writers, for instance, her Immaculate Conception, or her position in the sacred text of Scripture; yet no such careful study of the causes of our Lady’s greatness has been translated into English as *La Vierge Marie* of Nicholas, or *Maria, nel Consiglio dell’ Eterno*, by Castelpiano. Both these treatises are mentioned by our author in his Preface, and upon these his work seems to have been in a great measure founded. We have books without number treating somewhat superficially on devotion to our Lady, many of them very excellent and practical; we are also rich in compilations of prayers and acts of devotion to her, and many Catholics, full of simple and fervent confidence in and love towards the

Blessed Virgin, do not feel the want of any deeper or more theological exposition of the mysteries underlying their well-assured faith and piety. In addition to this many are sufficiently instructed in the truths regarding the general relation in which Mary stands to the three Divine Persons, to the Church, and to ourselves, to be able to answer ordinary Protestant objections and give a reason for the position of our Blessed Lady in the faith and devotions of the Church. But there is still a decided want for that which this short work to a considerable extent achieves, namely, a clearer and deeper insight into all that is contained, as far as we can learn it, within the distinct design of God in the mystery of the Incarnation, the method by which it was carried out, and the consequences by which it was necessarily followed, and which involve extraordinary grace, singular dignity, and the closest and most intimate union possible with God in her through whose free and conscious cooperation the Divine work of Redemption was effected.

In the seventh chapter of Book I. the author disputes the correctness of two lines of argument employed by Father Faber in his devotional work, called *The Foot of the Cross*. Supposing that he rightly interprets the meaning of that writer, we feel inclined to agree with our author, both as regards the coordination and necessity of all the sufferings endured by our Lord throughout His life on earth, and likewise the especially high and full sense in which he understands the title of Co-redemptrix applied by saints and doctors to the Blessed Virgin. Notwithstanding which we carefully guard the general reader against a hurried and superficial perusal of all books treating on difficult and delicate subjects like the present. Thus they might fall into serious error by forming a half acquaintance with the meaning of such expressions as this one of "Co-redemptrix," or again, that "Mary completes the Trinity." When, however, the mind studiously and reverently grasps the deeper teaching of this and similar treatises, it has attained a far more just and sublime view of the greatness of her who cooperated with God for the salvation of the world, and of the unapproachable majesty and glory of God Incarnate.

6. *A Guide to St. Chad's Cathedral and Church, Birmingham.* Compiled by Rev. William Greaney. Birmingham: E. M. and E. Canning.

Before we come to the description of the Cathedral itself, of which this short Guide gives us three excellent illustrations, we find recorded the existence in ancient times of two chantries attached to the old Church of St. Martin in Birmingham; these were founded by the Clod-shales of Saltley, and by the Guild of the Holy Cross. The Hall of this guild stood within a field outside the town; in 1382 Richard the Second granted a licence for the endowment of two chaplains. In 1545 the guild was dissolved, and though the property was invested in the Crown, Edward the Sixth gave a portion of it for the endowment of a grammar school, which was named after him. A still older guild

existed in the hamlet of Deritend under the title of St. John the Baptist. Other foundations of interest were the Hospital or Priory of St. Thomas, Apostle, and the Lenche's Trust, an endowment for charity. It seems that Birmingham, or Byrmyncham, received its name from the lords of the manor, the family of Birmingham, which at the beginning of the Reformation retired to Ireland, where its members still remain staunch Catholics. After about a century, Birmingham was one of the first towns to restore the external grandeur of the Catholic religion. In 1687 a spacious church was built by the Franciscans and dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene and St. Francis, and in the next year the first stone was laid of St. Mary Magdalene's Monastery. Two days before the landing of the Prince of Orange, both these buildings were destroyed by the rabble, and their memory alone is preserved in the modern name "Mass-house Lane." The Franciscans removed to Edgebaston, and thence into the country, and in the course of a century the Catholics in Birmingham had dwindled to a very few families. A revival of the congregation began with the building of St. Peter's Chapel in 1780, and the progress of Catholicity after this forms a narrative both of local and of still wider interest. The Rev. Mr. Greaney's Guide tells of the different missions, charities, and other institutions, and concludes with a very detailed account of the erection of the Cathedral and its various points of interest. It also contains a copy of a translation in the handwriting of the Rev. Alban Butler from an important manuscript concerning the relics of St. Chad, which are now preserved in St. Chad's Cathedral. We should add that this guide-book has been published for the benefit of St. Chad's Altar Society.

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7. *The Art of Knowing ourselves.* By Father Pinamonti, S.J. *Twelve Considerations on Death.* By Father La Nuza, S.J. *Four Considerations on Eternity.* By Father Manni, S.J. Translated by the Author of *St. Willibrord*. London: Burns and Oates.

The Considerations comprised within the few pages of this volume are all eminently practical. Father Pinamonti's name is particularly well known, and carries immense weight with it. The seven meditations by him given here are models of conciseness and suggestiveness, the acts affixed to each and summed up in the concluding prayer tend to impress on the mind the fruit that has been gained, and direct it to the practical resolutions that should be made. Some persons may here make acquaintance for the first time with the names of La Nuza and Father Manni. The subjects of death and eternity form an excellent sequel to the art of knowing ourselves in this world. The meditations on death are clear and simple; the style of those on eternity is somewhat different, they are more developed, and embellished with similes and illustrations; but their lessons, too, are simple and solid. The work of translating and editing has been managed with great neatness, accuracy, and effect.

8. *Erleston Glen. A Lancashire Story of the Sixteenth Century.* By Alice O'Hanlon. London : Burns and Oates.

Erleston Glen has been written with the very laudable motive of forming a connected story out of the various materials presented in more detailed descriptions of the troubles and sufferings of Catholics during the times of persecution in England. Persons and events which played a sterner part than that of fiction in the domestic and prison life of those days are more or less clearly embodied in this tale. We meet here again with the carefully concealed celebration of the sacraments, the treacherous betrayal, the search and discovery, the malignant cunning and rage of the pursuivants, the horrors of the prison cell and the torture, the death of some and the escape of others in safety. The story is well told, the stirring events are vividly and naturally depicted, and we are glad to see an opportunity offered to many, which they might not otherwise enjoy, of learning how to take a deep interest in these pictures of brave endurance and heroic self-sacrifice actually undergone by their Catholic forefathers.

9. *The Battle of Connemara.* By Kathleen O'Meara. London : R. Washbourne.

The battle which this interesting little tale describes for us is not any historical struggle of national or local interest, but an interior contest of heart and conscience against irreligious worldliness and indifference. We shall not recapitulate the leading events of the story, for this would destroy all real interest in its future perusal. The scene is laid among the wilds of Connemara, and the ways and habits of the people are amusingly described, in illustration of the roughness of their manners combined with their depth of faith and warmth and delicacy of feeling. One leading object of the authoress has evidently been to show the effect of sorrow and bereavement in leading the heart to feel the beauty and need of Catholic doctrine. From Ireland the scene is shifted, by a somewhat abrupt transition, to France, and the work of conversion to the Catholic faith, begun at her Irish home, in the heart of Lady Margaret Blake, the chief character of the story, is carried on amid the reverse of fortune which brings upon the Court and the gay society of Paris all the sufferings and vicissitudes of its recent siege. At the close of this, Lady Margaret returns to her own home, and her reception there into the Church is the fruit of the many lessons of suffering by which the Providence of God had been gradually training and preparing her for this great grace.

10. *An authentic account of the Imprisonment and Martyrdom of Father John Ogilvie, of the Society of Jesus.* Translated from an old Latin pamphlet by Charles J. Kanslake, Priest of the same Society. London : Burns and Oates, 1877.

A short article in our present issue has already introduced to our readers the name of Father Ogilvie. The modest little book just pub-

lished by Father Karslake, S.J., has the same object, to make better known one much maligned, of whom his own simple words, here given, are the best panegyric. Father Karslake has certainly done wisely to give the martyr's own plain narrative, though any paper penned in circumstances such as his could hardly fail to be abrupt and ill-arranged. What is lost in elegance or consecutiveness is far more than made good in the sacredness and the force of testimony which the words of one who died for Christ carry with them. That Father Ogilvie died for the faith alone, is made manifest by an interesting attestation now for the first time published.¹

"Have done," said the minister, "with that crime of yours. Give up the Pope and Papistry, and you shall be forgiven that crime and I will reward you with gifts." "You mock me," said the Father. "I speak seriously and with certain authority," subjoined the minister. "My Lord Archbishop gave commission to me to promise you his daughter in marriage and the richest prebend of the diocese as her dowry, provided I found you willing to step over from your religion to ours." Whilst these things were being said, they reach the scaffold. The minister urges the Father to be willing to live. The Father replied that he was willing, but not with disgrace. "I have said, and repeat," urged the minister, "that you may live with honour." "Would you be willing to say that, so that the people could hear?" "By all means," he replied. "Listen, all present," cried Father Ogilvie, "to what the minister is going to say to us." Then the minister gave out: "I promise to Mr. Ogilvie life, the Lord Archbishop's daughter, and a very rich prebend, provided he be willing to come over to our side." "Do you hear this?" said the Father, "and will you confirm it as witnesses when it shall be needed?" "We have heard," cried the people, "and we will confirm it as witnesses; go down, Mr. Ogilvie, go down."

It was all Father Ogilvie wanted.

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11. *A Popular Defence of the Jesuits.* By Willis Nevins. London: Williams and Norgate, 1877.

Mr. Nevins likes plain speaking and hates hypocrisy. He refuses to see the honesty of preaching liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, and practising persecution. He cannot understand what Englishmen find to admire in a policy which goes dead against the first principles of fair play, which condemns men without trial, upon the simple assertion of their enemies. He denounces the injustice of the English Press, which fomented revolution abroad and does not approve it when it comes nearer home, and he forebodes a speedy punishment.

Europe is now a mine charged with revolution and a false democracy; little, very little is required to fire that mine, and then—it is not Roman Catholics only who will suffer, but every believer in God, every man who is respectable, every man who has a five-pound note in a bank, will be as obnoxious as the Jesuit. The rights of property will not be respected: why should they be so? Englishmen now, in 1877, encourage confiscation of the property of Jesuits because they don't like them; why, when men come who dislike *all* property, shall Protestants escape? It is the old truth; Englishmen support *revolution* abroad, calling it *LIBERTY*; and as surely as there is a God in heaven they will suffer for their selfishness and bigotry when the next great revolution, which will be a *Red* one, sweeps over Europe.

¹ Appendix to the *Authentic Account*.

The refutation of a calumny is read by comparatively few of those who have learned the calumny itself by heart. It will be so, as long as the sons of men are in love with vanity, and run after lying. Yet Mr. Nevins may perhaps open the eyes of not a few.

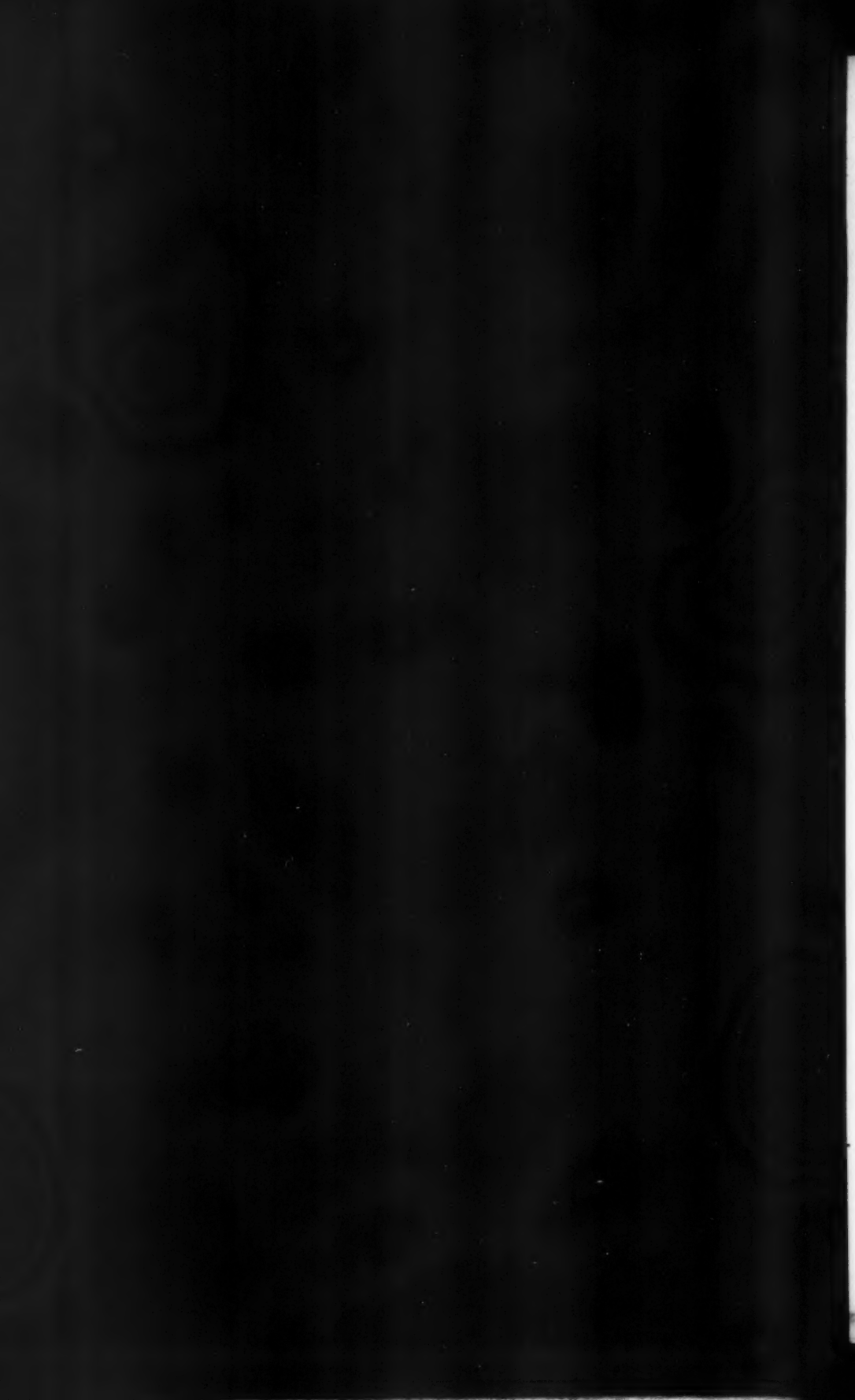
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12. *Daily Meditations.* First part translated from the Spanish of Father Alonso de Andrade, S.J. London : Burns and Oates.

Although our spiritual literature abounds in every variety of books of meditations, yet it seems as though the disposition and temperament of individual minds were so different that but few persons agree in liking the same book, while, at the same time, each fresh compilation finds favour with some as containing very nearly what they wanted. Thus many may particularly like the Meditations of Father de Andrade, as combining fullness with great clearness and simplicity. The Preface explains fully the manner of meditating, and especially urges the two practices of careful preparation and of frequent recurrence to the same subjects of meditation. After this, the points merely are given for each day in succession, and the first part, now published, includes the season from the beginning of Advent until Lent. Each matter for meditation is placed as a distinct picture before the mind, and follows very accurately the order of history and the development of the mystery of the Incarnation and of the doctrines which flow from it.

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13. *Sketch of the Life of Henri Planchat*, Priest of the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, massacred by the Commune at Belleville, May 26, 1871. By Rev. M. Maignen, S.V.P. London : Burns and Oates.

The best possible recommendation of this life is that it worthily commemorates one chosen really by God to seal with his blood his fidelity to his priestly office and to his faith during those terrible days of bloodshed in Paris, which are still so distinct to our recollection. There are two points in this short biography calculated to fill our breast with no barren interest in the fate of this holy priest. In the first place, his saintly and heroic example, sanctifying day by day its onward course towards martyrdom, comes upon us with all the force and vividness of an occurrence of our own day, and almost of our own neighbourhood. In the next place, as Father Anderdon remarks in his Preface to this life, it was the very fidelity of Father Planchat to his apostolic work which singled him out for death. He was chosen because he had worked so indefatigably amongst the workmen, the poor, and the children of the poor. He hallowed with his blood the actual scene of his past labours, and others were spared that which was the most poignant of all his sufferings, namely, the infliction of his martyrdom by the very hands of those whom he most dearly loved and to whose welfare his life had been devoted.

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